

Vox

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1931

No. 3

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WINNIPEG, MAN.



Graduation
Number

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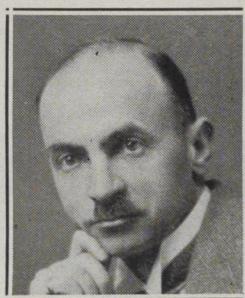
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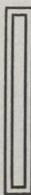


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"Sticks" of 1930-31



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VOX

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1931

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EDITORIAL

Graduation

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

FTER four or more years together another group of Arts graduates leave the halls of Wesley College. One might make this a time of reflection upon what those years of college life and studies have meant for us, and might, as the mood drove us, write a eulogistic or disparaging comment on the worth of a university education. The look of the recent graduate is, however, forward rather than backward. Whether we have made full use of our college years or go out from the university poorer than when we entered it, having frittered away some of the most precious years of our life; whether we have missed the real aim of a university education and still have to learn how to think; whether we have just slipped through by the grace of the powers that be or graduate with honors—yet each of us, as the word "graduation" implies, takes now a new step. Before lies a fresh world, a life very different from anything we have experienced before. Even if we return to the home town and its activities, we will find that we are not the same beings who left it four years ago. How we shall live this new life, what we shall do with it or what it will do to us, will depend much on how we have lived our college years. Yet not entirely, or despair only would front some of us. In the future lies too the opportunity to retrieve our mistakes.

On Getting in Shape

HE absence of the laurels which accompany the winning of championships is felt keenly within our faculty this year. Some may account for this lack of success by saying that the goddess Luck chose not to hold toward us her golden sceptre—others may suggest that we were outplayed, that we need to get into condition, to develop more team play, and thus make our prowess effective. In any case, should the sceptre of Good Luck point our way during the coming season, it would be well to add the strength that comes from good playing to good luck, the two being necessary to regain our former high mark of achievement.

The two competitions in the autumn into which we enter wholeheartedly are track and soccer. With a little extra effort both trophies may be won. The track captain is now laying plans to challenge, we hope successfully, the position so long held by the Meds. We can win if we but put forth the effort necessary for summer training.

Last season the coveted Senior Soccer Shield left our halls after being here for four years. The Aggies won last year because they outplayed us. We must put forth an extra effort this coming year to regain

the shield. Several of our strongest men will not be back, so new players must be developed. In the Junior competition we face added difficulty. In the past this team has included several Matrics; but now as the new ruling of the U.M.S.U. limits players to those who are "fully matriculated," we lose the use of all but Grade XII of the Collegiate department. This will cause a greater demand than ever for new players—so get into shape during the summer and come out and practise hard next fall—you will be needed.

United Colleges are out to capture the trophies in both track and soccer events. Re ready to do your part. We hope for good luck which is, however, chiefly good management and hard work.

A Word From the Editor

N behalf of the Vox staff I should like to express our gratitude for the privilege which has been ours during the past year of editing the college magazine. We have endeavored to discharge our duty well and to gain much valuable experience while in this way doing our part in student activity. We have endeavored to make each of our three issues such that it would appeal in some way to each branch of student life. The extent to which we have been successful in this remains with our readers as a whole to judge.

The Editor personally wishes to thank the several members of the staff for the willing and efficient manner in which they have played their different roles in the production of the magazine. The staff has co-operated thoroughly in each of our endeavors. We wish also to thank every one who has even in a small way contributed to our measure of success. A college magazine must reflect the ideas of the students through their contributions. While at times these contributions have not come in quite as promptly as we should have wished, we can truthfully say that the support of the student body has been sincerely good.

With the production of this number the present staff gives place to a better one, one which has reaped experience from our failings and is ready to advance from where it receives the charge. Several of the old executive have been given positions on the new—the new executive being a development, a progressive of the old. The new Editor-in-chief, Mr. Payne, has acted during the past year as Literary Editor, and has proven his proficiency in literary lines to be of no mean degree. Beside the many contributions we have published that bear his initials, he has captured a prize open to all theological students in Western Canada with an essay entitled "The Minister and the Rural Problem." Mr. Payne is business-like and efficient, and we bespeak for him the loyal support and co-operation of the student body which we have appreciated throughout the year 1930-31.

Again we thank you for the privilege of acting as Editor for one term, realizing in doing so one of our chief ambitions for our college career. Our best wishes remain with our successor.

Vox congratulates the winners of the following awards:

Wesley College Awards

First Year

PRINCIPAL SPARLING SCHOLARSHIP

(*General Proficiency*)

JOHN H. LINFORD

ANDREW STEWART SCHOLARSHIP

(*General Proficiency*)

BETH O. CARPENTER

H. W. HUTCHISON SCHOLARSHIP

(*Pre-Engineering*)

CECILIA SMILLIE

E. LOFTUS SCHOLARSHIP

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD

Second Year

J. H. ASHDOWN SCHOLARSHIP

LILLIAN M. RENNIE

HART A. MASSEY SCHORLASHIP

COLIN E. JACK

D. K. ELLIOTT SCHOLARSHIP

BROCKWELL C. KING

LOGIE BUTCHART BURSARY

FLORENCE WYLIE and GEORGE M. F. MARSHALL

MATRICULATION

Grade Twelve

COLIN E. JACK

Grade Eleven

JOHN H. LINFORD

Grade Ten

RICHARD O. SCHUETZE

Manitoba College Awards

Third Year

MEDAL AND ROBERT ANDERSON SCHOLARSHIP

J. SCOTT LEITH

MARY PERINE TAIT SCHOLARSHIP

JOHN D. MCKENZIE, B.A.

RUTH R. WINCHESTER SCHOLARSHIP

CLIFFORD S. MATCHETT, B.A.

W. A. MATHESON SCHOLARSHIP (Religious Education)

J. W. O. MATHER, B.A.

First Year

JOHN RALPH KING SCHOLARSHIP

STANLEY H. KNOWLES, B.A.

ROBERT CARSWELL SCHOLARSHIP (Hebrew)

HARTLEY J. HARLAND, B.A.

ROBERT CARSWELL SCHOLARSHIP (Greek)

SAMUEL J. B. PARSONS

JAMES WATT AND JOHN BLACK SCHOLARSHIPS

W. M. HUGHES, B.A. W. W. CONLY, B.A.

L. C. STINSON, B.A.

DEACONESS COURSE <i>Awards to</i>
MAE H. PRESCOTT and FLORIS J. OLSEN
PRIZES IN PUBLIC SPEAKING AND READING
<i>First Year</i>
S. H. KNOWLES and L. C. STINSON
<i>Second Year (Nixon Prize)</i>
J. E. CLARK
<i>Third Year (W. R. Ross Book Prize)</i>
J. S. LEITH and J. D. MCKENZIE
C. R. CROWE MEMORIAL PRIZE for essay on <i>"Mysticism and the Hope of Immortality"</i>
J. D. MCKENZIE
ROBERTSON MEMORIAL PRIZE for essay on <i>"The Minister and the Rural Problem"</i>
THOMAS A. PAYNE

University of Manitoba Awards

ISBISTER SCHOLARSHIPS

First Year

JOHN H. LINFORD

Second Year

COLIN E. JACK WALTER C. NEWMAN
LILLIAN M. RENNIE

Third Year

MARGARET J. THOMSON

Student Body Awards

MERIT AWARDS

(Pins and Certificates)

RUTH V. B. ARMSTRONG	M. E. FRANCES MILLS
GERTRUDE L. BRADLEY	ALLAN J. RYCKMAN
HARRY H. EASTON	RJ STAPLES
CLIFFORD S. MATCHETT, B.A.	B. HAROLD STINSON
LAWRENCE SWYERS	

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Certificates

RUTH ARMSTRONG	MARJORIE O. HOPKINS
H. CHARLES AVERY	ISOBEL G. McLaren
ERNEST A. BIRKINSHAW	M. EVELYN ROSS
JAMES P. BROWN	J. EMERSON THOMPSON

Sweaters and Crests for Co-Ed Basketball Championship

MARGARET BUICK	ALLISON JAMIESON
BETH O. CARPENTER	ETHEL SANKEY
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Collegiate

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For information write to the offices
of the Registrars

The Late Dorothy Elizabeth Gardiner, B.A.

TO WHOSE MEMORY THIS NUMBER OF "VOX" IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED

DOROTHY E. L. GARDINER was born in Virden, Manitoba, May 3rd, 1908, where her home was until her death, March 21st, 1931. She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardiner.

Dorothy was the victim of an accident when her car struck ruts while driving from Arcola to Virden on March 6th. Although her injuries were severe, hope was held for her recovery, and her death two weeks later was a shock to parents, relatives and friends.

Endowed with a wonderful personality, Dorothy made friends wherever she went and by her unselfish, cheerful disposition won her way into the hearts of all.

Dorothy entered college in the fall of 1926 and was a valued member of class 1929.

A staunch supporter of her class, a good student; her love of fun and her unusual courtesy and charm—that intangible something which made her Dorothy—won for her a place in the hearts of professors, classmates and friends in the United Colleges.

Graduating from Wesley in Arts '29, Dorothy attended the Faculty of Education and at the time of her death was a member of the staff of Arcola Collegiate.



It is difficult to sum up Dorothy's qualities in a few words. Hers was the impress of a noble, lovable and unique personality. Possibly a short poem by Edwin Markham can bring to us an idea of just what Dorothy meant to those who really knew her.

A CREED
There is a destiny that makes us brothers,
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

—K.M.H., '29.

Dr. Elliott, LL.D.

We live calmly among the peerless in character, but we have eyes. Staunch integrity, fidelity to



DR. JAMES ELLIOTT

honorable interests and withal a freshness of spirit in these friends of ours do not escape notice. The plaudits of a parading public do not often acclaim such qualities, but the appreciations of unostentatious friends steadily increase with the years.

Do you recognize this man with his ready and abundant but quiet wit, with his sane sense of proportion, and with a hope that keeps youth in solution in his blood?

Briefly (he would insist on that) the facts are these: early education in private, in church educational schools, and the national schools, all in Ireland; four years of Methodist probation in 1876 in Canada, with an additional two years of study; graduation from Victoria College in

1886 with the medal in philosophy; preaching in Ottawa, Kingston and Montreal with post-graduate studies under Dr. Watson at Queen's, and a Ph.D. in 1904; a short time teaching in Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; the call West in 1907 to Wesley College, Winnipeg, by Dr. Sparling; a D.D. from Victoria College in 1916, and now, in 1931, an LL.D. from the University of Manitoba. The highest distinction in the gift of a University to which he has rendered a quarter of a century of service.

In all these years he never sought an appointment or an honor. Self-aggrandisement is not of his characteristics. He often quotes to one not so steady as he:

*The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor near nor far nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.*

And he has been building up a "self." If he had learned a static philosophy, he might have been morose, even dyspeptic, but his philosophy is dynamic. It moves on and eventually up. Everything is in the process of becoming, and if a becoming, why not a becoming better? That at least is his hope. For this he has been a voice. If a man be but an echo, it is lamentably true that men will crowd to listen and then to re-echo, but if he be a voice, men will listen, and as one of his students aptly put it, "I've been thinking ever since." So it isn't too easy "to think it through, class," and "to suspend judgment until you're in possession of all the facts."

Finally, for this article, Irish
(Continued on page 89)

An Address to a Graduating Class

By PROFESSOR A. L. PHELPS

If a speaker informed you at the beginning of a twenty-minute address that he was going to talk about Our Prematurely Afflicted Century, The Story of the World, The Challenge of the Tragic, The Achievement of Culture, and The Basis of Faith, what in the world would you expect of him? The coloured balloons of rhetoric, I imagine. Let us see.

But first let me make the appropriate gesture towards the occasion. Dear Would-be Graduates at this Farewell: You are about to go out into this hot and silly world. After four years of more or less honest, more or less thoughtless, more or less arduous labours you are about to leave us to join that band of University Graduates who, sometimes doing other things, play poker or golf or bridge or gradually fill up the ranks of the unemployed and the University Women's Clubs throughout the land. You are about to draw a line between one part of your lives and another part. You are about to leave a way of life to which you will look back with an increasing appreciation of its bright innocence, its unsullied and untaught irresponsibility. After to-night you will change. Inevitably something happens to you as Time draws the line for you between youth and the beginnings of maturity. But it is time to read from "Alice in Wonderland." As I read, think of me as the Caterpillar and of yourselves, taken individually and collectively, as Alice. If you like, let Alice's "this morning" be your freshman period of four years ago.

"The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence. At last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a sleepy voice.

'Who are *you*?' said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, 'I—I hardly know, sir, just at présent—at least, I know who *I was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.'

'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar sternly. 'Explain yourself!'

'I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir,' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.'

'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar.

'I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,' Alice replied very politely, 'for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.'

'It isn't,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,' said Alice; 'but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?'

'Not a bit,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,' said Alice; 'all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.'

'You!' said the Caterpillar contemptuously. 'Who are *you*?'

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such very short remarks, and she drew herself up and said very gravely, 'I think you ought to tell me who *you* are first.'

'Why?' said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any very good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

'Come back!' the Caterpillar called after her. 'I've something important to say.'

This sounded promising, certainly. Alice turned and came back again.

'Keep your temper,' said the Caterpillar.

'Is that all?' said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

'No,' said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking; but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, 'So you think you're changed, do you?'"

As I look at you I ask the Caterpillar's question, "So you think you're changed, do you?" and I entertain the hope that the mere fact of continuing life on this earth should enable you always to answer the Caterpillar's question with an exultant and not a sad affirmative. In entertaining this hope I may be going dead against fundamental psychological laws. It rarely seems possible, for instance, to make "one kind of a dog into another kind of a dog." Yet I venture the surmise as I face you tonight: that if you ponder the topics I listed in the beginning, as you ponder, you will change, and (here I give away the fact that I am not a complete skeptic; Anatole France tells us that final skepticism implies absolute silence) you will change for the better. In other words, in talking to you in the attempt to open up these topics for you to-night, I hope to do you good.

As some of you know, the phrase "our prematurely afflicted century" comes from Thomas Hardy. It has its setting in one of the few really noble pronouncements in contemporary literature; Hardy's "Apology" prefaced to "Late Lyrics and Earlier."

Look for a moment at this young century we once so gayly and blatantly called Canada's. After all, you are of the few. You, about to graduate, are of the super-privileged classes. Yours is the rather special responsibility of seeing what is to be seen, of doing what is to be done. You know what we assume to be the special responsibility of the good swimmer in the crowd watching a drowning man struggling in mid stream. It is simply the special degree of responsibility bred out of superior knowledge and capacity. After four years at College, unless you have been fools, first, in coming, and then in staying, you possess superior knowledge and capacity. Well, look at your young century. Look at your world of 1931. I don't mean your pretty world of 1931 just now

but your other world, the world you realize when you permit Job and the New Testament to sensitize you away from the habit of sucking soporifics out of Pollyanna and the worst parts of Browning. Let me be rashly concrete, assuming for a moment what not one half of one per cent of us does really assume, that modern warfare is a thoroughly wasteful and bad thing. You have on your hands then, for instance, the huge joke that in 1921, three years after the war to end war, the United States of America established her Citizens' Military Training Camps which now proudly enroll, as the U.S. Assistant Secretary for War said last week, tens upon tens of thousands of the best young life of the American nation under twenty-four years of age. You know, or may know, if you choose to acquaint yourselves with the facts, that life on this planet today is amazingly interwoven and interdependent and that its underlying conditioning basis is commercial and military. This world today is not even in the careful hands of greedy but shrewd financiers, not even in the smooth and gentlemanly hands of far-seeing, self-seeking old-world diplomatists, certainly not even in the immaculate hands of the Church. The world today is simply a powder magazine for any lunatic's match, the League of Nations being at best, no more than a sort of private police agency trying to forestall the lunatic. And if you think to fence yourself within a little place of peace, to cultivate your garden with Candide, you cannot even do that because at any moment, metaphorically or actually, a poison gas bomb may make ugly ravage among your flowers. The waste which is potential in all ignorance, stupidity, selfish acquisitiveness and anaemic or robust lusts may at any moment break into widespread expression and apall us all. I protest that this sounds merely rhetorical only to those who do not realize its truth. Henry W. Nevinson in the current issue of an English journal points my comment thus:

"By Article 8 of the Versailles Treaty, Germany pledged herself to disarm almost entirely, provided only that the other nations, her former enemies, disarmed in proportion. England has to some extent reduced both her fleet and her army. For a time she reduced her air force, too. But no other nation has made the slightest attempt at reduction, much less disarmament. On the contrary, France, Italy and Poland are far more powerful in armaments than at the date of the Treaty. . . .

I have attended many Disarmament Conferences and seen they were all shams, because each nation was only anxious not to limit or reduce its own forces. More absurd still have been the Conferences to humanize war by laying down rules in the interests of mercy. It was as though two farmers who had been accustomed to burn each other's ricks for years met together and agreed to use none but safety matches in future.

I have known war for nearly forty years, and I have never known a war which was not eloquently supported by kings, rulers, and clergy, or in which men who refused to fight or spoke against the war were not persecuted with the utmost violence. Those who remember the "Pro-Boers" in the South African War or the "Conscientious Objectors" in the Great War will understand. Nor do I

believe that the account of horrors such as I could give or such as are revealed in *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*, will deter the peoples of the world from war. Those who would fight like the chance of self sacrifice; those who would not fight like to hear of horrors.

Where, then, is hope of peace? It might possibly be found in the appalling scale of "the next war," when whole populations will be exterminated by poison gas, and all kings, rulers, and clergy will be included in the universal holocaust. That will silence their attempts to hound the people on to international hatred. In my own case, I have found that the more I came to know the members of a foreign nation, the better I came to like them, and the less inclined I felt to cut their heads off with a sword or to shatter their limbs with shells, or to stop their breathing with gas." *

This, then, is your world. Both potentially and actually it is a tragic world if waste, potential and actual, be a constituent of the tragic idea; a world full of evil designs, stupid activity, irresponsible powers.

And leaving aside the thought of modern warfare with its peculiar potentialities for widespread waste and horror, your world at peace is really not good enough. There is injustice in the courts of justice, lawless procedure in and about the legislative halls, self seeking and aggrandisement in the Church, highly organized lying under the name of national diplomacy, ruthless exploitation under the name of commercial expansion, all known and condoned, all part of our "present system." This, then, is your world.

Of course we do not usually think of it in these terms. We live or try to live in the peripheral areas round about this central tragic fact. We use misbegotten religious conceptions as opiates, our second and third rate art and literature as anodynes, work and the pursuit of time as a resource ("I've saved ten minutes," said the Occidental. "What do you want it for?" asked the Oriental.") and, generally, the pleasures of satisfying the darker passions or our gentler and subtler lusts, drunkennesses of various sorts, as modes of escape. We circle about, hither and thither, occupied with what we call our interests. And all the while the central fact remains, though few there be that find it. So is our world perpetuated.

I suppose my second topic is in my scheme in order to deflate the rhetoric and reduce the excitement. After all, it's a pretty old world. The story of the world is a far longer story than Lord Chesterfield thought it was when in 1739 he wrote to his son, "in Europe the two principal eras or epochs by which we reckon are from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, which was 4000 years; and from the birth of Christ to this time, which is 1739 years." I am not going to give you chronology, however. I shall not go back into geological time. I am merely going to quote a few things to show that the story of the world is a very old, and indeed, a rather repetitious story, that our "prematurely afflicted century" is really but a pulse in the centuries' flux. One need not go farther than Anno Domini to demonstrate that, leaving out of account

* *War or Peace?* Henry W. Nevinson, The Clarion, March, 1931, page 71.

Lord Chesterfield's four thousand years and whatever may, or should be added thereto.

Out of scores of available quotations, three will suffice to suggest a deflation of that eloquence which begins "There never was a time in the history of the world. . . ."

(1) In 115 or thereabouts one Juvenal found himself face to face with a complicating factor in the life of man perennial since man first tried to make a garden of the world. Juvenal tackled the woman problem. I cannot give you all he says in the sixth Satire but it is easy to give you enough to suggest that any risks we run to-day from having women in the world have always been run. Apparently, women have always been at least half of what is the matter with the world.

Says Juvenal:

"Why need I tell of the purple wraps and the wrestling oils used by the women? Who has not seen one of them smiting a stump, piercing it through and through with a foil, lunging at it with a shield, and going through all the proper motions? . . . What modesty can you expect in a woman who wears a helmet, abjures her own sex, and delights in feats of strength? . . . Yet these women are the women who find the thinnest of thin robes too hot for them; whose delicate flesh is chafed by the finest of silk tissue. . . .

What decency does Venus observe when she is drunken? When she knows not one member from another, and eats giant oysters at midnight. . . .drinks out of perfume bowls, while the roof spins dizzily round, the table dances and every light shows double!

There is nothing that a woman will not permit herself to do, nothing that she deems shameful, when she encircles her neck with green emeralds and fastens huge pearls to her elongated ears."

Juvenal even faced the educated woman:

"She lays down definitions, and discourses on morals, like a philosopher. . . .The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced." *

I do not quote these things to show what is the matter with woman, but simply to show that our unsolved problem of the relations of the sexes, that fundamental warfare between the sexes which faces us everywhere beneath the surface of life today, is a very old affair.

(2) My next author I shall not name. He lived in the eighteenth century and was something of an anomaly in that comfortable upper class century; he was a tragic figure. So tender was his spirit and so lamely and brilliantly sane was the vision of his mind that we still defend ourselves and the vested interests of our comfortable insanities against him by calling him mad. A single quotation from him will also suggest the perennial story of the world.

"But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed, therefore, confident that instead of reason we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices."

* G. G. Ramsay's translation.

(3) From the nineteenth century I should invoke Ruskin or Carlyle or Arnold:

("Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery"),

a flash from a letter of Huxley's, a bit from poor Clough. But instead I name and quote Wordsworth; Wordsworth in a particularly pontifical and petulant mood if you like, but Wordsworth telling the story of the world.

"A multitude of causes," he says, "unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident. . . . When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation. . . ."

But I need not read on. You see my point. This "prematurely afflicted century" is just what all the centuries have been to the sensitive. And hence I may pass to my next topic, The Challenge of the Tragic, without too much worry over a definition. The word tragedy is admittedly difficult to define. It is like socialism or culture or the state of being drunk; you have the most amazing and unforeseen complications on your hands the moment you desire precise finality of definition. Yet we possess working meanings for these terms. I think the idea of waste seems persistent in our thought concerning the nature of the tragic fact; waste implying misdirection, confusion; disorder rather than order; if you go deeper, waste, seeming to imply lack of direction of any sort, an absence of that witting and loving control by a Providence, a Scheme of Things, or a God, by the assumption of which we normally comfort ourselves.

However we may define the nature of the tragic element in human life, whether Aeschylus or Shakespeare or Ibsen or the New Testament may help us most in definition, the *thing* is there. I think in taking up its challenge we come upon sure steps towards the achievement of culture. "Commonplace people," says Masefield, "dislike tragedy because they dare not suffer and cannot exult." Culture, as applied to humanity, if we rescue the word from its sillier uses and even perhaps from Mr. Arnold, means the achievement of the highest quality possible in terms of the human element on the earth. To face the tragic—I mean by the tragic now, the total weight and implications of the anomalies, the inscrutable black accidents, on the one hand, and the "moral offensiveness" of the established order of our world on the other—to face the brutality, the absurdity, the waste of it all—I mean by facing it, really seeing it, accepting it—to face the tragic thus, and to go on facing it, is to learn the profoundest things that may be learned about the essential nature of the best in man. "Pour on. I will endure." cries Lear, and for

a moment the old man is magnificent. No more do we fear for him; no longer do we pity him. He is great.

It is a truism, is it not, that the greatest tragedy in art, bringing us most crucially front up to the greatest tragedy in life, brings us also nearest to a conception of the virtue and dignity within man. After having been wrought upon by a great tragic work in art, we walk the streets or merely lean and gaze over a gate, caught up for a while into greatness, fused into the beauty and strength of the human factor upon this earth, the apocalypse of man's sublimity and solidarity *in face of whatever is the Universe* for a while before our vision. Rhetoric again? Rhetoric only to those who have not glimpsed the experience. Such experience, drawing out and disciplining man's ultimate powers, carries the secret of his finest culture.

And such experience should surely suggest the grounds of faith. Faith is come at hardly by the sensitive and the thoughtful. That is why in its cheaper forms it is so common among commonplace people. Perhaps the deepest tragedy of all we have to face in life is just herein: that this acceptance of the challenge of the tragic fact and the consequent inner extension and enrichment of life is hard to come at and seemingly as yet come at only by the few. There are so few cultured people, people who know where to be tolerant and where to be magnificently intolerant, people who are wise without bitterness, and tender without softness, people who persuade us that they know what is in man. Yet I venture a paradox at the end. Tragedy, even this last and darkest tragedy, is the great breeder of faith in man, *if man faces it*.

As to faith in God as well? I think Shakespeare was facing that question in *Hamlet* and *Lear* at least of the tragedies. The Man of Galilee faced it in Gethsemane and "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" was the voice of humanity crying for its faith.

Be very sure of this at any rate. You will never win to an adequate faith in God without an adequate facing of the tragic in human life.

May I remind you of my funny little topics? Our Prematurely Afflicted Century, The Story of the World, The Challenge of the Tragic, The Achievement of Culture, and The Basis of Faith.

Grant B.: It's to be a battle of wits.

Alice C.: How brave of you, Grant, to go unarmed.

* * *

Pat S.: Wipe off your chin.

Laur. S.: Can't It's fastened on.

* * *

Waiter: Are you Hungary?

Harold S.: Yes, Siam.

Waiter: Den Russia to the table and I'll Fiji.

H.S.: All right. Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill.

"It is eminently essential," shouted Mr. Birkinshawski, "that our party should hang together."

"Hang together is right," from the opposition front bench.

"I mean," splutters our friend, "that we should hang together in accord."

"That's what I mean," came again. "And in a mighty strong one, too."

* * *

"Time flies."

"You can't. They go too fast."

What Will You Do With Your Education for the Kingdom of God?*

REV. ALWORTH EARDLEY, B.D.

John 7:17—"If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know . . ."

Some provisional definition of the Kingdom of God and of education are essential to any intelligent attempt to answer this question. The Kingdom of God is too big to be confined to any set of terms, but it must at least connote the creation of a God-like personality and the shared task of producing a God-controlled world. By education we mean the highest training of mind and personality of which the individual is capable.

It would seem on the face of it impossible that these should represent conflicting areas, and yet a deep-rooted and long-standing suspicion of learning on the part of the Church is one of the familiar facts of history. On the one side has been the fear, often a most unworthy one, that the Church should cease to be the centre of authority. On the other side has been the very real danger of the arrogance of intellect, such an attitude originating generally in the materializing of the motives for learning, and in a tendency to despise and to domineer over those who have not secured the advantages of education. In such a conflict we see churchmanship and learning at their lowest and perhaps only the counterfeit of either. Over against it, and immeasurably greater as a formative force in history, we find that unity of purpose and harmony of effort which suggest our first proposition in answering our question:

1. The Aims of Learning and Religion Are Identical

Going back to origins and reasons, there is a very real sense in which religion and learning have a common starting-point. Take two old sayings that have become almost axiomatic: "Modest doubt is the beacon of the wise," and "Conscious ignorance is a kind of knowledge." What does this mean but that all learning begins with a sense of need, an insistent demand for something we do not possess? Religion begins at the same place, the gnawing, nagging pain of a felt want that drives men to seek, sometimes they know not what, but impels them to a search which in its multitudinous form can only be described as a quest for God.

Get right down to the best known facts and stages of that search and you will find the identity still more recognizable. What has the student been doing in that long drawn-out period at school and college? Review your career and try to analyse and appraise what you have been trying to do, from the least significant to the most outstanding features of your student life. You have been collecting and storing up facts, necessary indeed, but in some senses the lowest and most evanescent of your occupations. Better and broader, you have been endeavoring to interpret the meaning of things and to arrive, in however rudimentary a manner, at some philosophy of

* Baccalaureate Sermon delivered to the Members of the Graduating Class in Arts and Theology, United Colleges, Winnipeg, March 9th, 1931, in Fort Rouge United Church.

life. Still on the ascending scale, you have been slowly learning how to apply your knowledge to actual life and make it the fuel for the fires of action. Greater yet, you have been going through a process of being trained and training yourselves so to think that what you are carrying away with you at the end of your college life is not so much what you have studied as the power to study. Best of all, you have been developing personality. In the class-room and in the field of games, in your private study and in your many college activities, in your debates and in your banquets, yes, even in the hard knocks and the rough and tumble of the thousand and one struggles through which you have passed, the most significant thing that has been happening, unless by some disastrous misunderstanding of the whole situation you have missed the real thing for which you came, is that you have been building up a broad, full-orbed, dependable personality that now is well on the way to big things.

And now, if you can, try to estimate the forces and processes of spiritual religion. First, the grasping of the great elemental facts: the initial and dominating fact of God, the illuminating fact of Christ, the staggering fact of the Cross, with all those intimate and personal facts of fellowship with the Divine and response to the incomparable moral and spiritual leadership of the Living Christ. Then comes, gradually and with accumulative force, the acceptance of a philosophy of existence and a spiritual interpretation of the universe. Inseparably bound up with any real religion there is the application of these facts and of the new philosophy to the stern realities of life

and the consequent development of character. The field here becomes too vast for us to hope to survey it, but it certainly includes that training to think in the best areas which is implied in the amazingly suggestive terms of our text: "Whoever is willing to do His will, will know," and it at once takes the open country in the creation of wide and noble personalities, larger spheres of influence and careers of service that make all life abundantly worth while.

If that little sketch has in any way served its purpose it has established the identity of the highest ideals that have ever spurred you on, whether as keen students or as would-be earnest servants of Jesus Christ. Whichever way we look at it we cannot escape the conviction that when we cease to be students we cease to live. They used to talk about "finishing schools": what a ghastly idea! When any of us come to the point where we have ceased to learn about the only thing that is in order is a respectable funeral.

With this as our necessary background we may proceed to our second proposition, which is:

II. The Greatest Things Yet To Be Awaited the People of Well-Trained Mind and Consecrated to the Tasks of the Kingdom of God.

Four keywords suggest the lines of our recognition of this fact and of our attempt to relate it to the pressing needs of today's life.

The first is *Idealism*. There is a regrettable tendency to allocate the task of maintaining our idealisms to the preacher or the writer of inspirational books and articles. It need not detract in the least from our lofty conception of a call to the Christian ministry for us to

recognize that there is also a definite call to everyone, whatever his vocation or profession, to use that vocation as a vehicle for the upholding of high ideals. Your education and your spiritual perceptions, if they have done their work in your moral make-up, have so far redeemed you from the vulgar hunt for mere profit as to send you out, chivalrous knights of a worthy crusade, to gain a Holy Land where Principle is above gain and where Honor and Purity are of more account than many pleasures. Never, if such is your ambition, were you more needed in the world than you are today.

The second word is *Leadership*. Our Lord uttered a warning to His followers that may be paraphrased something like this: "The men who lord it over their fellows and assume a pompous dignity have been greeted with the acclamation 'Well done!' You must change all that." The spiritual leader is not a boss; his leadership is but the call from one who knows and does for others to share his purpose. Every best experience that has come to you has been qualifying you for such leadership and it is much in demand.

Our third keyword is *Vision*; not the ethereal dream of an unpractical visionary, but the call of the coming victory, the terrific magnetism of the greater thing yet to be without which no one achieves anything. The supreme discovery of Jesus was the wonder and the triumph of the life utterly devoted to the doing of the will of God, and in Him and in His followers that has opened the gateway into the highest. That is the light of your life; catch sight of it in your fellowship with your incomparable Leader—

*"And, e'er it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."*

And, once more, it all seems to be summed up in that word which is the key that unlocks the secret of the Christ life: *Service*. Great gifts have been lavishly poured into your life; beware what you do with them. The selfish hoarding of the gifts of life invariably atrophies the faculty to grow and achieve. It was no mere glowing metaphor that our Lord used when He said: "He that saveth his life loseth it"; it was rather the plain statement of an inexorable law. The story of human society is replete with the pictures of the self-centred and grasping, who have either broken on the rocks of insatiable ambition or have attained to fame as the destroyers of all that stood in their way. The path of service, blazed by Jesus, is proving to be the only way to true greatness. Today's life, with its acute problems and poignant suffering, presents an unparalleled challenge to selfless and consecrated leadership. Invest your trained powers in that great venture and, fascinated by its amazing returns in human welfare, you will be glad to say:

*"We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy Kingdom
come."*

"We've been talking over plans for our spring party."

"Oh, how nice! I know where there's the loveliest spring."

* * *

Barney—My room-mate talks in his sleep, does yours?

Maurice S.—No, it's so annoying—he only smiles.

Valedictory Address—United Colleges, 1931

Theological Department

By JOHN D. MACKENZIE, B.A.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—

There are always certain occasions in the life-history of every individual which stand out conspicuously; and which never really fade from mind. The married man, I presume, looks upon his wedding day as one of these memorable occasions—the confirmed bachelor upon the day when he abjured all such things, and we as students, will always think of the day when as very green freshmen, we first entered the University and swore allegiance to our Alma Mater—but tonight, it is with still more intense feelings that we, as the Graduating Class of '31, bid farewell to our Alma Mater.

We feel a deep regret that the time has come when we must say good-bye to our beloved colleges, Wesley and 'Toba, whose beaten walls and stuffy class-rooms have come to mean a great deal to us during the last seven years, perhaps seven of the happiest years of our lives. We think of the great service which these colleges has performed for this province, and indeed for Canada—and we think of these pioneers who out of their very limited means, founded these institutions. They were men with a vision, they could look beyond the present, with its many unsolved problems and see a greater day for education ahead. They built that men and women might be educated not along material lines only, but that even the secular training might be permeated with the spirit and the purpose of the Master. We wish to pay our tribute to men like these, and we are glad to know that

the ideals which were cherished by the founders are being fulfilled by their successors in office, our Principals and Professors. Nobler buildings, we expect, will soon replace the weather-cracked walls of 'Toba and Wesley, but as long as we live, we will cherish fond memories of our old colleges.

In saying farewell to our Professors tonight, we would like to thank them for the advice and guidance which they have given us in the last seven years. It is only after completing our course—and when we have a short time in which to look back and review their efforts on our behalf, that we begin to appreciate them as we should. Too often, we must admit, our attitude has been critical and narrow—and we have not understood the way that we have travelled, but now, as we look back, we see that our Professors have not been a hoary-headed group of slave-drivers, who would sink us in a sea of Greek, Systematic Theology, etc.—but that they are a group who have always treated us kindly, fairly, and encouragingly. We go out feeling that we have in them friends whom we may continue to appeal for advice as we meet the problems that are yet to be faced. I am but voicing the thoughts of our class as I attempt to show our appreciation to our Faculty. . .

To our fellow-students we would say only this: If you were to review the work of our class, you would find many mistakes, and at times, a strong spirit of criticism—do not repeat these mistakes—learn by them. In saying good-bye to our fellow-students we are

saying farewell to one of the strongest classes which has ever entered the halls of our colleges, and we hope that in the years you are together that you will be united as we felt our class to have been. I believe that we may boast that our class has been welded into a fellowship which time will never destroy. We have a confidence in each other which gives us a guarantee that no matter where we may go, or whatever our problems may be, we will have the support of our class-mates. This gives us courage and strength to go on.

We call tonight "Graduation Night"—but it might be better if we, like the Universities to the south of us, called it "Commencement Day." We have completed our academic work for the present, but the great battle for which we have prepared is still ahead of us. Tonight, as never before, we feel our own inability, and our weakness as we go out into a world

permeated with social, economic and religious unrest. Although the task is going to be difficult, we feel there is a challenge, and that the opportunities for Christian service are greater than ever before. We feel that we are about to pour our small Christian contribution into the great stream of Christianity which has been purifying the world for 1900 years. We feel that we are adding our little bit to the contribution made by the graduates of these colleges in the past. May we, like them, so invest our lives so as to make this land more Christ-like, and may we, like them, have an unflinching faith in the Great Unseen yet Guiding Hand which is leading the world to better days. . .

And so tonight, may I, on behalf of the Graduating Class, to our colleges, to our professors and to our fellow-students say farewell.

"Did you hear about Bert swallowing his teaspoon yesterday, Al-lan?"

No, Wes. How is he now?"
"Poor fellow. He can't stir."

* * *

Policeman: No fishing allowed here!

Charley C.: I'm not fishing. I'm allowing this worm to bathe.

Policeman: Let me see the worm.

C. C.: Here it is.

Policeman: I arrest you for allowing it to bathe without wearing a regulation swimming suit.

* * *

And then there was the guy who was so dumb that he left "pig troughs" while plowing for the convenience of the sowthistles.

Clarence S.—Do you believe everything every fool tells you?

Mert T.—Oh, no—but sometimes you do sound so plausible.

* * *

Motorist—"Is it very far to the next town?"

Native—"Well, it seems further's it is, but it ain't."—Free Press.

* * *

Bob Neil—Do you have any trouble with shall and will?

Chas. Avery—No, the wife says you shall, and I say I will.

* * *

Editor—Do you know how to edit a magazine?

Prospect—No!

Editor—Well, we'll give you a place on the staff—I guess you've had experience.

Valedictory Address at Grads' Farewell Arts Department

By ALLAN J. RYCKMAN

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—

At the outset I would like to extend to the members of the graduating class, my sincere thanks and deep appreciation for the honor of bidding farewell to the faculty and students of the United Colleges. The many pleasant memories and the varied interests of the members of Class '31, render it difficult for me to make my few remarks truly representative of their sentiments.

Janus-like, we face in two directions. Behind lie four years of the college existence of Class '31, and before us a door opening unto the future. I believe every student, whether he is of the graduating class or not, cherishes fond memories of college days, yet it seems that graduation time adds vividness to our many recollections. Some remembrances will linger with us for many years, may even remain with us always, yet some we shall prize above others. Long after debates and dramatic nights are forgotten, long after track meets and hockey fames have been won and lost, and long after time has dimmed our memory of the college dinner, we shall remember the many friends of our college days, the happy associations which our attendance here has given us.

The main purpose of our attendance here is to obtain knowledge and acquire the power to think, as equipment for a definite purpose in life. To this end, several of our classmates have been worthy scholarship winners. Also the largest Honors Class in the history of the institution will graduate with Class '31. Nor have their efforts

been confined to high attainments in literature and science.

Students of a college bear certain relations to their Alma Mater and fellow students which they cannot afford to put off or neglect. I believe it was Emerson who said, "the studious class are their own victims. They are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day is a fear of interruption—palor, squalor, hunger and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain, they are abstractionists and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream." This piece of harsh and denunciatory criticism can in no way be linked with Class '31 or with any class of the United Colleges, and we are doubly thankful that our student organization is such that no place is provided for the studious class of Mr. Emerson's description. Each class is expected to contribute to a common college life in which each and every individual is an interested participant. No great or vivid imagination is necessary to imagine what our college would be if it were devoid of all student organizations, the organizations which are directly dependent upon the support accorded them by the students. It is as if each student had a double duty to perform, a duty to himself, and a duty to his fellow students.

In every phase of college activity, Class '31 has been represented. To interfaculty teams (track, curling, hockey, basketball, football, debating, and dramatics) we hope we have made the contribution rightly expected of us. Also we

hope we have accepted our share of the responsibility in student organizations, and in all, we have enjoyed the good-fellowship of our associates.

To our Faculty we owe much. From that day, when, as awe stricken Freshmen and Freshettes, we were clothed in lowly garb and blinked through faces besmeared with green paint, until today as departing seniors, our professors have guided us along the path towards self-realization. They have revealed to us the great wonders of a great universe. They have told us of the minute atom and the mighty planet. They have taught us the story of the earth. They have told us to acquire a knowledge of the history of the race, pointing out the kings, the princes, the prophets, the scientists, the statesmen, and the adventurers. They have shown us the beauty and power of literature. We have learned something of the structure of society, and of the nature of the individual. Our faculty have helped us to know our surroundings, and to understand our own being. All this, that we might have a sense of where we are, and find ourselves in the world.

A college education does not merely consist of four years spent in collecting facts, but an equal part of education is the power to co-relate the facts we have acquired. We hope we have realized the power of thought and have learned to prize it well, for we are told its flight is infinite. It winds about over so many mountain tops, it flies from star to star, so hangs over both mystery and fact that we may well call it the effort of man to explore the home, the infinite palace of his heavenly Father.

We have greatly profited from our sojourn here amid friendly surrounding, but now "through the opening door which time unlocks, we feel the first breathing of tomorrow creep." What is past is but the prologue to life, and now we stand upon the threshold of a new day. From the threshold we are about to set out upon the path we have chosen. Whether we follow the path of literary or political endeavor, whether we elect the path of business or of science, or whether we become teachers of men, we realize that we are debtors to our professions and not merely adornments for them. We realize too, that the way of service is not always through fields of "milk and honey," but we have this assurance: that hard service brings promotion, promotion brings increased responsibility which in turn calls for renewed effort.

If, in our various activities, we strive to understand, emphasize the good, protest against error, and transcend the faulty, then Class '31 will ever remain united, and united with all who seek truth, nor shall we be far removed from our Alma Mater, where we have learned to rejoice in what is good and grieve at the opposite.

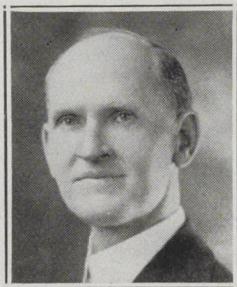
As we go out, may our ideals and our aims be high. May our hearts be quick to sympathize, and hands be willing to do. May our minds quick to understand, for it is in the unwilling hand, in the hardened heart, and in the mute conscience that we become vulgar.

And now, to all our friends of the United Colleges, Class '31 says farewell. Farewell—a word that must be and has been, a sound which makes us linger—yet, farewell.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY

(*Honoris Causa*)

Reverend F. W. Kerr, D.D.



In presenting Rev. F. W. Kerr for the D.D. degree at Manitoba College Convocation on April 9th, Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon stressed the fact that he was born in Zorra. "Strong men came from Zorra," Dr. Gordon declared. "That's where Samson was born."

After public school in the small village of Shakespeare, Ontario, and after High School in Woodstock and St. Mary's, Fred Kerr, as a young man of nineteen, came out to Western Canada. For two years he taught school in Edmonton, after which he came to Manitoba College, graduating in 1905. Then followed three years in Knox College, Toronto, from which he graduated with the travelling scholarship in 1908. This scholarship provided him with the opportunity of post-graduate study in the United Free Church College of Glasgow, the University of Marburg in Germany and the University of Chicago.

After his ordination, Mr. Kerr spent two years among railway

construction men in the mountains of British Columbia, and four years in Prince Rupert before the railway had reached that port. After five years in New Westminster, he accepted an appointment as Professor of Religious Education in Manitoba College, arriving in Winnipeg on the first day of February, 1920. In addition to the work of his chair, Prof. Kerr at once began a wide range of activities, including evening classes, summer schools, teacher-training classes, afternoon mission-study groups, and built up a large correspondence class for post-graduate study. For several years two Belfast and two Australian ministers were enrolled in this class, as well as ministers from every province of Canada, and from half a dozen states of the Union. For six years Prof. Kerr carried both the preaching and pastoral work of Knox Church, as well as continuing his lectures (without financial remuneration) in Manitoba College. About a year ago he relinquished his college work in order to devote his entire energies to the work of the ministry.

Dr. Gordon stressed Prof. Kerr's ministry to young folks, stating that probably the largest week-day study-groups of young people in the Dominion are now found in Knox Church. Seven years ago, Knox Church was regarded as being in a precarious position, owing to its very large mortgage indebtedness of practically a hundred thousand dollars, and owing to

the fact that it was becoming increasingly shut off in a down-town area, cut off from the residential districts. In spite of that fact, however, the mortgage has been steadily reduced, and upon the celebration of their diamond jubilee in March, 1932, the congregation intends to burn it. At the same time, every year has shown increased missionary contributions over the previous year.

Prof. Kerr has always taken his full share of wider activities. He

contributes articles more or less regularly to several magazines. In 1924 he spent six weeks in Geneva in the study of international relations, and upon his return delivered over a hundred addresses on that subject. He has been an active member of the Rotary Club and this year holds the position of President of the Winnipeg Canadian Club. Perhaps to the rank and file in Western Canada his most important work is his weekly half-hour over the radio as "Uncle Fred."

A FEW ARTESIAN ARTIFICES

No, you don't want slap stick comedy. You don't want comedy caused by physical incongruity.

And then there is also that subtle plus.

Mr. Clay, you amaze me with your knowledge of femininity.

Go south, young man, go south.

One other thing I want to toss at you before the bell catches us.

It's a matter of individual constitution: for I know some of you can pack all this away without taking notes.

She's the saucy dame.

You might earmark the nickels between now and April to get to see this play.

Marginal platitudes (superceding this year, it would seem, "marginal gloss").

Angry Parent—Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?

Doug. R.—Now that I've seen her in daylight, I sort of wonder myself.

THESE FROM GEOLOGY

And they are going to use some of that stone on the new University buildings, I think. You may be old enough to see it some day.

At examination time, especially in the spring, the examiners need an amount of co-operation from the students to shove them through.

AND FROM HISTORY

Mazzini talked the idea of nationalism loud and long, and talked it fervently.

Old Tom Carlyle had been preaching—

(Referring to one of the Powers' agreements with Turkey) It was one of the finest pieces of window dressing ever—and when the Conference shut up shop, the Sultan's full dress Parliament just naturally dissolved.

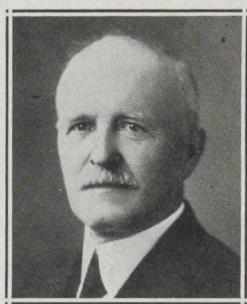
A FEW YEARS HENCE

Little Barney (calling father on telephone)—Hello, who is this?

Big Barney (recognizing son's voice)—The smartest man in the world.

B. Junior—Pardon me, I got the wrong number.

Reverend Samuel Wilkinson, B.A., D.D.



Wesley College honored another of her sons at the recent Theological Convocation when the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, B.A.

Mr. Wilkinson's early education was received in Ingersol, Ont. He graduated from Wesley College in Arts and Theology in 1899 and was Senior Stick of that year.

His career as a minister in Western Canada began in 1891, when he became a probationer of the Manitoba and North-west Conference, which at that time extended from Port Arthur, Ont., to the Rocky Mountains. He was ordained in 1899, and has made a unique contribution to the chronicles of Manitoba Church life, having spent his entire ministry within the bounds of this province with the exception of four years spent in British Columbia and of overseas service during the war. As a Methodist minister, Mr. Wilkinson spent pastoral terms in Killarney, Virden, Carberry, Dauphin, Brandon (Victoria Ave.), Souris and Gordon (Winnipeg). He was assistant pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg, in the days of Rev. Dr. Cleaver. Since Union, he has been

pastor of the Gladstone charge and is now completing the fourth year of his Treherne pastorate.

During the Great War, he served as Chaplain of the 79th Battalion, C.E.F. in England, and in France, with the Fourth Division and the Third Canadian Stationary Hospital.

In the Church Courts he has been the recipient of many honors from his brethren, being elected as delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Toronto, 1922, President of the Manitoba Conference, 1923-24, and representative of the Manitoba Conference on the first Board of Home Missions of the United Church.

Samuel Wilkinson is esteemed by his brother ministers as one who has made an impressive contribution to the Church and Kingdom of God by a ministry, not spectacular, but well sustained and fruitful. His many friends among the laity and ministry alike, know him to be a man of sterling worth, of good judgment, of cultured mind, and of brotherly spirit. The mantle of theological dignity (Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa) which has fallen on S. Wilkinson, is resting upon the shoulders of one who has well upheld the ideals of a true Christian ministry. No adequate account of Mr. Wilkinson's career could be given without recognition of the unique service and influence of Mrs. Wilkinson (formerly Miss Cleveland) who, in every way possible, has inspired and reinforced his best efforts.

—F.J.P.

GRADUATES

Theology



JAMES P. BROWN

Jim is an Irishman, although he was born in Manitoba. His natural wit and humor have made college life richer for himself and for others, smoothing out many a kink in the chains of friendship.

Jim arrived with bag and baggage from Waskada in the autumn of 1926 and has been arriving (usually a little late) ever since. He was an integral part of Class '30 for two years while taking his Pre-Med. work, and then turning to Theology continued as a part, and no mean part at that, of the "thirty gang."

When we think of Jim we may mentally picture an active young imp who is either doing something to help somebody or is playing a trick in a good-natured way. Jim can dump beds as nicely as the next one, and never misses a chance to take part in a fracas of any kind. Or we may picture a person getting real comfort out of life—either sleeping on a Western tour, or sleeping while three morning bells ring, or merely sleeping with the determination to work after. Or we get a glimpse of an athlete—running on the track, catching behind the plate, playing centre-half with proficiency, or

scoring from centre ice. Or yet a picture comes to us of a real gentleman, a true friend, a real scout. One who does his bit well on hard mission fields, one who is as true as steel, one who can be counted upon to measure up to the task before him, strong to do his part in the uplifting of mankind. All these pictures together present Jim.

Jim has the ambition of some day qualifying as a medical missionary. To this end he hopes to enter medicine soon, and then completing that course be able to realize his mission.

We are sorry to see Jim go, and shall surely miss him in many ways. Our best wishes ever go with him.

—H.J.H.



J. SCOTT LEITH

Bachelor of Arts

Some twenty-five years ago in a Manse near Moose Jaw, on the prairies in what was then the North West Territories, Scott raised his voice in protest against existing conditions. Since then he has made his home with his parents in various centres in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. His knowledge-seeking propensities found outlet in the public schools of McConnell,

Man., Strassburg, Sask., Kerrobert, Sask., and Brandon, Man. Then Brandon College gave her call, and the Arts course offered there attracted him. But three years were taken as "time out" while he went to the Brandon Normal School, and later taught at Sandy Lake, Man., and Bladworth, Sask. After his Arts work he continued his studies along his chosen line, that of Theology, in Manitoba College, where he graduated this spring. His main interest seems to have been in the Student Volunteer and S.C.M. Movements, although he has found time for debating and dramatics on the side. In 1928-29 he was a delegate to the Quadrennial S. V. Convention, and since then on the Canadian Committee, one year as Chairman, and also a member of the Council for North American section. His hope is to sail for foreign field within the next two years. During his college course he has served the church in various missions fields, especially those of Desford, Two Creeks, Rosser, and Starbuck. During the past winter he has been directing the Young Peoples' work in St. Stephen's Broadway United Church. His immediate prospects are centred in the field of Ninette, Man., where he has been called to be the minister, after ordination in June.



JOHN D. MCKENZIE, B.A.

Jack gave his first yell at Deloraine in 1906, and has ever since been disturbing the peace.

Beginning his career on a farm, it was in the local school-house that his earliest education was received. After finishing his High School course at Deloraine, he sought further learning, and in the fall of 1924, as a freshman, swore allegiance to the University of Manitoba; the four years spent at the "U" show that Jack never let work interfere with pleasure. However, at the end of four years the faculty of Arts recognized that Jack should be given an opportunity to sleep through lectures in some other institution of learning, and granted him his "B.A."

From 1928-31 the Theological Department of the United Colleges was the scene of Jack's endeavors. During the College course here he has served on several Mission Fields, and now, upon graduation, goes out into the Battle of Life; wishing he had not slept through so many lectures and hoping he doesn't starve.

Our wish is—may he work harder than he did at College.

CLIFFORD S. MATCHETT,
Bachelor of Arts

The gods have dealt favorably with Cliff. To begin with, they decreed that he should claim Treherne as his home; secondly, that he be handsome with curly hair;



thirdly, that he have the grace and

ability of making and keeping friends.

Cliff has now completed seven years at college, and indeed, they have been worth while. He has drunk deep of the wells of learning, proving himself a student of credit, receiving his degree with the '28's. He has received much experience baching, and now knowing the ins and outs of the game has weighed it in the balance and found it wanting. (This is merely a prophecy.) He has gained valuable experience in executive and routine work connected with student life, having reached the climax in this regard when during the session 1929-30, he acted as President of the Theological Society, the Secretary of Student Council, and as Editor-in-Chief of *Vox*, reaching heights of popularity in this last phase which may be justly coveted. As a member of residence, Cliff, or rather "Pop", has served well as "official" door tapper and incidentally served on that questionable entity, the House Committee.

Cliff's record on Mission Fields is very good and he now goes up North to Cold Lake to gain experience as a mining camp minister. He will be ordained in June, at the annual meeting of the Manitoba Conference of the United Church to be held in Brandon, and then will be ready to perform the many marriage ceremonies which he has been soliciting during the past years.

Above all, Cliff is a friend, and as such we shall remember him. True, sincere, courteous, he will succeed in no small measure in his chosen work.

—H.J.H.

WRAY OLIVER MATHER,
Bachelor of Arts



The subject of this short sketch, Wray Oliver Mather, came into this world some twenty-six years ago to learn for himself what it was all about. Since then, Wray has been a very industrious student. Yea! almost a scholar, as he has been everything from a herring choker in Prince Edward Island to a broncho buster in Alberta. Public school first engaged Wray's attention, then followed High School at Norwich Collegiate, Ont. Feeling this to be enough theory for the present, he then experimented with the art of preaching, choosing a summer resort—Normandale, on Lake Erie, possibly because of the beauty about the place. With a mixture now, of theory and practice, Wray proceeded to Victoria College, University of Toronto, where the college passed through him and he graduated after four years absorption; with his Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy.

So far, but not so long. Theology now engaged Wray's attention and after taking his first year at Toronto, learning that real men always finished their course in the West—the West it was, and Wray came to dear old 'Toba to finish.

Here he combated with everything until in desperation—to end

it all—he married a sweet girl. Some finish!!!

But Wray, while not feline, landed on his feet with his usual, "How about it" grin. Hail to Wray! He may have many little troubles, but he'll welcome them all.

Our best wishes go with Wray. There never was a better fellow. Mather be many stars in his crown.

—W.R.W.

WILLIAM RONALD WELSH



Welsh may be a rare-bit, but he very emphatically is not a rabbit, in fact, he has very little connection with the "hair" family.

To sum Bill up we might write his biography thus—past—doubted, present — doubtless, future—doubtful. Consequently, the writer assumes no responsibility for state-

ments found in this sketch. It is all merely rumor.

Bill hales from Dumfries, Scotland; he and Sir Walter Scott came from the same community, but Walter was there first. Our "Bill" came to Canada some years ago, feeling that this country had a place for bright young men.

After a short time in business at Napanee, he heard the call of the west and came to Regina. There he was overtaken with the desire to accumulate knowledge and attended Regina College. In '27, he came to Winnipeg and has been pursuing knowledge here ever since.

Bill, however, never pursues too closely. He believes in a broad education, lectures must not interfere with education. Essays always come second to hockey games.

Preaching is Bill's fort, he has had experience in Saskatchewan and Alberta and more recently at Epworth, Winnipeg and Clandeboye.

We wish Bill the best of everything as he takes up his duties at Clandeboye, and may some sweet girl have compassion on him!

—W.O.M.

Deaconesses

FLORIS J. OLSEN

During the two years Floris has spent with us, we have come to know and appreciate her—but to write about her and do her justice is an impossibility. We cannot put on paper that indefinable something which has made us all love her.

Floris believes in the saying, "A change is as good as a rest," and so, after teaching for a few years, she decided to take a course in Social Service. She has taken an



active part in college life and as head girl of Sparling Hall she proved her executive ability.

Her ready comradeship, her

willing sympathy, and her interest in her work, have won for Floris the best wishes of all who know her and assure for her a successful career.

—L.R.H., '32.

MAE PRESCOTT

"Nothing could subdue her keen desire for knowledge, or efface those brighter images by books impressed upon her memory."



Prescie came to Winnipeg from Edinburgh at an early age and here "grew up." Public schools in Scotland and Winnipeg provid-

ed her preparatory education. Her work at Eaton's either wrapping bacon or weighing fish, made her practical and efficient, but did not satisfy her yearning for higher knowledge, so in 1928, we find her enrolled in Wesley matriculation department.

Her interests have been many. She has proven herself a keen debater and a clever student, annexing several scholarships. She delights in music and appreciates good poetry. She is always busy attending lectures, helping at the church, and even clerking in a downtown store.

To mention her likes and dislikes: Prescie has an affinity for theogues and an antipathy for coffee and peanut butter.

Her ambitions are to have curly hair and to earn her B.A. degree.

We shall follow her career as a deaconess with interest.

—J.F.S., '27.

Honor Course Graduates

ERNEST A. BIRKINSHAW (Science)

Birk is the greatest example we have of a thorough amalgamation of scholarship and sport in undergraduate life. In fact, he dreams in matho-physical terminology. To enjoy a game to the maximum it is necessary to stand behind Birk, forgetting everyone else including the players and to watch him. Doing so one can appreciate the game visually and audibly beyond expression.

Science and philosophy are in his scope—science is his work and philosophy his pastime and he sings during intermissions. One of the greatest sensations the year affords is to hear Birk render the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel

alone, while having a shave. Here may be noted his chief characteristics—he scientifically sets his



mind and body to a menial task with the grace of a true philosopher, while like a true sport he treats his friends to an exhibition of musical talent.

Birk has spent his five years here and at the U, doing his bit, and in-

deed, reaping full return from the opportunities afforded him by Providence. Midst other things, he has played football five years, knowing four times the laurels of championship, curled, and served as Athletic Editor on *Vox*.

Birk is continuing his academic climb, hoping next year to receive his Master of Science degree. We wish him all success. As a friend, he is as true as steel—we shall not forget him.

—H.J.H.

GERTRUDE L. BRADLEY
(*Science*)



Danny—the name is certainly treasured by all who were associated with her during her six years at Wesley. Entering this seat of learning first in 1925 to complete her Matriculation, Danny joined the '30 Class the next year with a B.Sc. as her goal, but using her woman's privilege and driven by her ambition and a love for her work, she changed to B.Sc. Honors '31 and now has a "Master's" in the offing because Danny always has her "wagon hitched to a star"—and she always gets there.

Between labs. and lectures at the "U", Danny has found time to make many staunch friends—drawn to her by her unfailing friendliness, her ready wit and her irresistible good humor.

Danny has contributed gener-

ously to all sides of college life. She has capably fulfilled many duties on committees and executives—in fact so capably that she was made permanent Vice-president of Class '30. As a member of the Student Council, she has shown great loyalty to the traditions and spirit of Wesley. She has given hearty support to basketball and hockey games, and has even helped to gain the odd point for her class at Track Meets. Her dramatic ability was proven in *Evening Dress Indispensable* and on various "stunt-nites."

Indeed, we may truthfully say that everything to which Danny turns her hand is always well done. May it ever be so.

—E.C.F., '30.

HARRY EASTON
(*Arts*)



Harry greeted us as a Sophomore fresh from Daniel Mac. Interviewed friends significantly hesitated to offer any information concerning his past. He really isn't so tall, his hair just stands on end.

Dramatics claimed his chief interest. In Third Year he took part in "The Monkey's Paw," one of the three plays presented at M.A.C.; he was dramatic representative in his Fourth Year, and in his final year President of the

Dramatic Society. He has also served on Stunt Committees.

Harry specialized in French and English. We have a sneaking suspicion that Sinclair Lewis is his favorite author.

He is a prominent member of the English Club, and fell heir to the big blue cup.

As for Saul of old, music has its charms for Harry. He sings and plays. We did not stop to discover how or what he sings, but we know that when the evil spirit is upon him the organ is his favorite instrument. In his lighter moods he holds forth on the ocarina.

We are sorry to report that Harry has a few bad habits; is addicted to corn-cob pipes. He is a Realist, and one of his professors says that "If he were not so laconic he would seem metaphysical." The professor's comment presents a challenge to our undeveloped intellect, and we hesitate to interpret it for the benefit of our readers.

We must not forget to mention that our philosopher, unlike his great predecessor, Francis Bacon, understands (?) and appreciates women.

A word of prophecy as to his future career might not be amiss. Despite his literary interests and inclinations, we find that Harry has a streak of practicality. In his summer vacations he builds restaurants and country stores in the great open spaces. His activities along this line lead us to believe that Harry will eventually go into the Real Estate business. It is well known that his slogan during the past year has been "more land, more land"—Moreland.

H.M.K., '33.

KATHERINE DE JONG
(Arts)



It was in the fall of 1923 that a curly-haired girl, "Teeny," accompanied by her father and her girl friend, approached for the first time the Registrar of Wesley College. A habit was formed which she continued for eight years. Having left her public school days behind her, she was now ready to start on that great adventure called "Grade IX."

Her first year was different from that of the other members of Class '30, for although a member of the "freshies" she did not have to face the horrors of initiation, being already well acquainted with college life. The girls of '31 still have a vivid picture of Teeny on their fatal day forever appearing with a jar of cold cream and a domineering look on her face.

During her college years she has acquired reputations for many things such as scholarships, medals and debating, as well as for house painting. The three most embarrassing questions which she has been asked are probably:

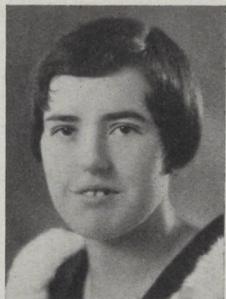
1. Aren't you the little girl who used to play marbles on the front lawn much to the disgust of the seniors?
2. Is the next stage to a man a monkey?
3. Aren't you a "freshie?" (when she was in her fifth year.)

Now all that is passed and she has been informed that she has fulfilled all the requirements necessary for a B.A. Honors. So with visions of an M.A. she is preparing to enlighten the youth of Canada.

A person who has spent eight years at Wesley College will not be forgotten in five times as many years by those who knew her at that time.

—E.B.T., '31, (H.)

ISOBEL McLAREN
(*Arts*)



Excitement ran high when Is. arrived, but it has been running higher ever since. Her elementary education was obtained in the home town, i.e., Reston. Here also, she developed the speed that later was to shatter inter-collegiate records.

Is. entered Wesley College as a freshie-soph in the fall of 1927. In her sophomore year she won a Latin scholarship and played on the championship basketball team.

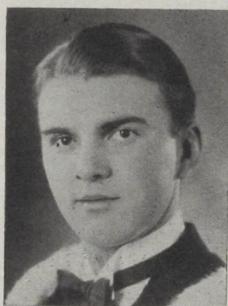
During her college career she has taken part in many activities, serving on the Athletic Council and U.M.S.U. Women's Council. Athletically, she has won great distinction; being awarded two senior M's for basketball and track. She also has had her share of trips,

three to Edmonton and one to Saskatoon in inter-collegiate competition. At Saskatoon she set a new record in the 60 yd. dash for women, and in the same year at the interfaculty meet, broke 12 sec. for the 100 yd. dash besides playing on the Varsity basketball team that won the city championship. She also received an Isbister scholarship. All this is the result of being a member of Class '30.

Is. decided to extend her knowledge, and returned for an honor course in Latin and Mathematics. However, in spite of these things, she finds time to take part in many social activities. Popular, as shown by her many friends at Wesley and the "U", and during her three years in residence was a general favorite, especially of Miss E. Bowes. Her future is undecided, but she has a weakness for matrimony, so watch future results.

—H.C.A.

LAWRENCE SWYERS
(*Science*)



After peregrinating down the paths of elementary knowledge via Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg and Killarney seats of learning, Swyers invaded the realm of the scientists at Wesley in 1926. The next few years saw the cus-

tomary evolutionary process—the unobtrusive Freshman—the more obtrusive Sophomore—the entertaining Junior—the dignified Senior. Throughout there was maintained a naturalness and simplicity which did not flout the intellect capable of passing examinations and winning scholarships with seeming ease. Musical ability, enthusiasm for tennis, executive ability—as amply displayed as head of the Social Committee for two years—a sense of humor, and the happy facility of making and keeping friends—in all, a character—this Swyers.

Rj S.

ELDA BERNICE TURNER
(*Arts*)



When remembering Convocation and a graduate in white receiving her degree, it becomes difficult to go back to those days when Elda was still a shy little freshie, known vaguely by her classmates as "The girl who won the Isbister Scholarship." In those days she was inseparable from her fair-haired chum and except for escapades in the Physics lab. and a few scholarships she was little known.

It was only when her friends in Class '30 began to know her intimately that they realized that

Elda was a person of many and varied pursuits. They learned that it was she who saw that the St. James street car was always on time owing to her influence with the W.E.R. They found also that she had become quite an efficient paperhanger and interior decorator, not to mention possessing a great deal of skill with the needle.

Coming to know her even better, her friends discovered that the ambitious young student, whom they had always known actually spent much of her time in the Gaiety, and other such places of entertainment, that she was flip-pant about classes, lecturers and subjects and that at times she would write neither essays nor tests. Not daring to shatter too many illusions she hastened her departure by leaving out supps. and other luxuries of the usual University career.

Knowing her as we do, we realize that the variety of her interests will prevent her from taking her work too seriously or neglecting it, whether it be a position as manager of the Winnipeg Electric or the humble occupation of teaching history to the youth of Manitoba.

—K. de J., '31 (H.)

Doctor—Lady, your son has the measles in the worst form.

Wealthy Mrs. Green—Why doctor, we are rich enough to afford the very best.—"The Furrow."

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist and doesn't believe there's a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he is wrong."—"The Furrow."

General Course Arts Graduates

RUTH B. ARMSTRONG

Ruth was the only member of class '31 who this spring received both an athletic and a merit award. Nor were these empty honors, for we can readily imagine her with her wide interests, her dependability, and her competence winning both of these.



For five years she has been one of our best on the basketball floor—in the same able manner as she wore the red and white colors did she for two years wear the Brown and Gold. Co-ed executive work, social and literary, and Class '31 have been Ruth's active interest while Wesley College in all its departments have found in her a ready and enthusiastic supporter.

These things have made us proud of her as a member of '31, but these, I venture to say, will not be the first things we shall remember of Ruth. Her understanding and ready sympathy, her interest in us and all our activities, have so endeared her to us that she is one we shall never forget.

A good student—a better pal—and the best of friends.

Good luck, Ruth.

—F.M., '31.

H. CHARLES AVERY

After six years at Wesley, we had begun to regard Chuck as a permanent fixture here, but other interests at last have claimed him. He entered Wesley in the fall of 1925, as a Matric, after receiving his elementary education in West Kildonan. He has lingered there ever since, spending his time at puck-chasing and the Capitol, Monday afternoons, incidentally spending a few hours in the library before exams.

Charlie has served on the Wesley hockey team during his sojourn there and was a member of two championship teams. In his last year he was captain and coach of the hockey team and it was not through lack of interest or work on his part that the team lost. The University is rather to be blamed



for setting the date of Color Night when they did. Charlie also played on a championship football team. Besides playing on Interfaculty teams, he was a member of the Varsity Juvenile and Junior hockey teams.

During his college career, Charlie has won many friends, and he will be missed in the library and the common room. Next year he intends going to Normal and do-

ing light housekeeping. We wonder who is going to do the cooking.

—I. McL.

YVONNE BARBER



Underhill was the scene of Yvonne's birth and early education. After being introduced to the three R's, her tenth birthday found her in Elgin, where she completed her matriculation.

Coming into our midst as a Freshie Soph, Yvonne has pursued her unpretentious way through college, making a quiet but lasting contribution to her Alma Mater.

Bravely reviving the many escapades of her two years in residence, in her last year she turned to L.H.K. for which she will long be remembered for her hospitality.

As she goes forward to take her Normal, then to teach, and eventually—*qui sait?* the wishes of her many friends go with her, and we feel her success is assured.

ESTER BIRCH

Ester comes from Neepawa, where she received her early training, and later taught school at Oak River. She joined the '31 Class as a Freshie-Soph.

Ester has proven herself an enthusiastic, earnest student, full of "pep," full of "fun" and a good

comrade. She has travelled far on the friendly road.



We wish Ester all success in her future tasks.

W. KEITH CLARKE

W. Keith Clarke, i.e., Wee Keith Clarke, was born in Arcola, Sask., and managed to survive until he came to Wesley College in the fall of 1928. During his four years at college he has recuperated wonderfully as shown by his achievements, deeds and actions.

Athletically, the mite is a wonder. He is a superb tennis player, known all over the Province of Saskatchewan, having played in numerous tournaments. Keith is also a hockey player of note. He has played on several college hockey teams, including one championship team. His business ability is seen in being a member of the athletic council and Vox staff.

Socially, beat him if you can: he is a keen dancer, has a way with women, and has a strong personality. No wonder people are naturally attracted to this small-sized portion of energy.

Academically, the one who always made the grade. A good student he was, two weeks before exams. However, he will receive *digne* on his diploma. His one

love is Mathematics and he will return next year to take the actu-



arial course. This will result in his becoming an insurance man.

Keith spent two years in residence, where he was a general favorite (of the dean). He loves the atmosphere of a home and so with the Swyers brothers he took up light housekeeping in a suite. Keith doesn't know what the future holds for him, but his motto is: "Bring on the future."

—H.C.A.

DAVID CONLY

Dave became a native of Winnipeg in 1909. He received his High School education at St. John's Tech. and in the Collegiate Department of Wesley College. Matriculating in June, 1927, he entered the Arts Department that September, one of the charter members of Class '31.

His college career has been a most active one. To write adequately of his services to the student body would necessitate another issue of *Vox*, so we merely list his activities:

A fast-stepper on the U.C. Basketball squad for four years (Championship team in 1928-29), and captain of the team in

1929-30; member of the Athletic Council for two years, being Vice-President in his graduating year; member of the Debating Executive for three years; member of the class debating team for three years, including the championship team of 1929-30; member of the local



S.C.M. Executive, and Secretary of the Theological Society for one year. To close such an active career, Dave was permanent secretary of the Grads of '31.

Socially, Dave was ever on the job, at sunrise parties or as a chauffeur on a treasure hunt, we could always rely on Dave. He will also be long remembered as Old Man Industry of the 1931 stunt.

Along with his many student activities, Dave has always had time for his studies and his friends, and neither have suffered. Dave's splendid qualities of sportsmanship, his capacity for making—and keeping—friends, and his willing and unselfish service will carry him far on the road to success in his chosen vocation.

We rejoice that Dave is entering Theology this fall, for it means another three years of pleasant association with a friend of the type which makes life anywhere very much worth while.

B.H.S., '31.

LUELLA DANN



It was a lucky break for both parties when Lu left Deloraine to join Class '31 in her freshman year. Lu is one of those people who can be depended on whether it's debating executives or eats committees. She is good company at all times and ready for anything that promises fun. Yet in spite of this she dotes on lectures, writing essays and exams. and has shown no mean scholastic ability.

She has been seen at S.C.M. group meetings and English Club, also at basketball games and other college activities.

Independent, ingenuous and frank—never at a loss for conversation—"How's your Father, Lu?"

Her ambition starts at "Faculty of Ed."

Respic—Adspice—Prospice.
E.F., '3?

BEN T. DAWSON

Born in Scotland in 1908, came to town of Stony Mountain at the age of three. If one should have passed through the town of Stony Mountain, sometime in 1911, one would have heard the squalls of the youngest member of the Daw-

son household—our Ben, in his childish ways, pleading and praying for more crusts; for while still under the age of four, Ben had made up his mind that when his full stature should be reached, the locks that were about his brow should be without rival.

Ben having finished his term of servitude in the Stony Mountain Institute—we mean public school and high school, entered Wesley in the fall of '26, on a new term of hard labor, bringing with him an aversion for French and women.

Ben is of a quite reserved nature,



but to know him it to know a true friend. Ben's generous, sympathetic nature, along with his sense of humor and whimsical wit, will aid him greatly in the career of his choosing. You have our best wishes Ben.

—D.C., '31.

One United States law, says William S. Dutton, has never been obeyed—and it never will be. It reads: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start until the other is gone."

JOHN DREW

A leader may be born and also may be made. Jack has not taken a prominent part in student activities because he was not born a leader and has never tried to make himself one.

He has his good points and also his bad ones. He has will and courage never to submit or yield. He needs to overcome his worst habit of procrastinating, which nearly caused a complete tragedy in his first year.

Time will tell what he can do. A B.A. is after all, literally *a beginning*. Jack realizes this com-

he made no enemies. A hardworking student who "while his com-



pletely, but will not be turned back. His motto is: Better late than never.

—A.D.

COURTNEY R. EMERSON

Courtney is one of the charter members of Class '31, having joined as a Freshman in the fall of 1927. He hails from McConnell, and spends his summers on rural mission fields.

Quiet to an extreme, Courtney has never become known in student circles and takes no part in student activities. His whole interest is in his books and in his mission field. While making comparatively few friends at college,

panions slept was toiling upward through the night." May he attain to "the heights."

STANLEY GAMEY

"Spud"—a product of Manitoba wheat fields, and Washington apple orchards, came to Wesley from Newdale, in search of wisdom in '27. We first knew Stan as a quiet and inobtrusive freshman, contemplating a course in Engineering. However, one year sufficed to convince "Spud" that his interests were not in favor with the "forty beer gang," so entered a course in Arts in his second year, and now he is one of the lone survivors of four years of grind and trials of a college course.

Since entering Wesley, "Spud" has taken a keen interest in all activities. His quiet reserved nature makes him hard to know, but once one does—what a pal! "Spud" has carried his share of the burdens of class executive work, and also has served on the Social Committee and Athletic Council.

In athletics "Spud" has been quite prominent—one of our best curlers; and we must not forget to

mention cupidor hockey in which he starred for four years.

In four years intimate association with "Spud" we have never been able to discover exactly what was his set ambition. But what-



ever the future may bring we feel that "Spud" will give his best, and consequently will receive the best.

Summing up "Spud's" career, we might say—a true pal, a good sport, and a real gentleman.

—J.E.T., '31.

MARGARET GRAHAM

To think of Margaret is to think of one who entered into college life and activities with a spirit distinctly individualistic. She came to Wesley from Kelvin in Grade XI and since then has shown her interests along different lines. Dramatic Representative in Second Year, this executive soon discovered the value of her ability in the arts pertaining to costuming and scenery. With considerable talent she was always in demand for that contribution of artistic handicraft and taste which are indispensable to the affairs of college femininity. In Margaret we found many moods—now blithe and spirited—now despondent and contemplative, but always affectionate and generous. She possessed strong will power and per-

sistence (as all those to whom she sold tickets, or from whom she collected money will remember).



She had a weakness for French, and on rare occasions even wrote poetry. Marg. looks forward to interior decorating and with her talent we are certain of her success.

—R.A., '31.

JEAN E. HOLT

Jean is a true Easterner. Born in Canada, an attraction for "another East" and its people, has permeated her whole life.

Jean received her education in Brandon and vicinity. She taught school, then attended the Training School for Deaconesses in Toronto, prior to her departure for China.

In 1927, she came home on second furlough. Political disturbances in China necessitated a lengthy stay in Canada, so she joined the '31 class as a Sophomore. Jean receives double honor this year for the completion of her Arts course enables her to graduate as a Deaconess.

True, to one of her ideals, she participated in S.C.M., and Social Welfare activities. The Glee Club too, demanded particular attention. But these fade into a misty glimmer when we remember Jean as a personal friend. She possesses a sincere, sympathetic, broad understanding heart, and a sweet cheery

disposition. We do not wonder that Jean is needed in China. But other questions puzzles us when



we note her sometimes coquettish manner. How does she escape it???

On September 12, Jean sails for China. We wish her a happy and fruitful term and hope to meet her again when she returns to Canada.

Bon voyage, Jean.

—E.R.B.

Rj—Wid I leave an umbrella here yesterday?

L.S.—What kind of an umbrella?

Rj—Oh, any kind. I'm not particular.

A.—Did my wife speak at the meeting yesterday?

B.—I don't know your wife, but there was a tall thin woman who rose and said she couldn't find words to express her feelings.

A.—That wasn't my wife.

First He—How is your wife?

Second ditto—Oh she's just like an angel!

First etc.—An angel, what do you mean?

Second ditto—Ah she's always up in the aid, forever harping on something, and never has anything to wear.

MARJORIE O. HOPKINS

Since Marj. left Hartney in the fall of '27 to join the '31's, she has made for herself an enviable place in the scheme of things at Wesley. She has entered everything with a keen enthusiasm and has worked



energetically in anything she has undertaken.

In athletics, she has made a name for herself in Track, Basketball and Curling. In Track, she capped off the shot-put record, besides placing in javelin and discus events; in basketball, she was a trusty guard on two championship teams; in curling she brought honor to United by helping to bring home the Hudson's Bay Trophy to Varsity; and she has always been an active member of the Athletic Council.

Marj's chosen profession is in the world of music and we are even now proud of our Wesley song-bird, for she has her feet firmly placed on the musical ladder of fame. May she go right to the top.

With all this Marj has found time to make friends, in the common room, or the library, or as a generous L.H.K. hostess, and has proven herself to be a good sport and a worthy friend—ask Lu.

—L.M., '31.

MARGARET KIPPEN

*"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough
A Jug of Wine, A Loaf of Bread
—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness were Paradise now!"*



Born in Newdale, Margaret attended public and high school there. She always ranked high in her class in spite of summers spent in swimming and winters in skating. In the fall of '27 Marg. came to Wesley and joined the '31's. Here she held her rank as a student, made many friends, skated, curled and made one of "The Terrible Three."

Margaret's present ambitions are many. To teach a few years and then go into business seems the main one. Then a tour of the world and a knowledge of everyone and everything is a close second. Good luck, Marg. we wish you success in everything.

—M.I.W.

WILLIAM KORCHIK

"Bill" joined the class as a freshie-soph, having taken his first year in University. He soon showed himself to be a good student, taking high marks in some

things and good marks in all.

Of a quiet nature, Bill took little part in general student activities, though he could always be counted upon in any class venture. His main interest aside from his studies has been basketball, and he performed well on the sextette that won the Junior Inter-faculty title for United two years ago, thus winning his "U" in his first year at United Colleges.

Though never in the limelight, Bill has got much out of his college course, and has gained that joy which "comes, not from



riches, not from ease, not from the applause of men, but from having done the things that are worth while."

ROBERT J. W. LYONS

Among the graduating class there is not a more sincere or true individual than Bob. He is a genuine product of Winnipeg. Having had a glimpse at the business world —acting as salesman, collector, etc, —Bob joined the thirties in the fall of '26, having lost the more verdant tinge a few years previous when he was initiated as a Matric.

While making his greatest contribution to extra-curricular activity in the realm of dramatics, where he has on many occasions done in

no mean way his bit as properties manager, Bob in general student life has acted as a steady influence.

But when the years will have passed by, and many changes shall have been ground in the mills of time, our memory of Bob will centre around the deeper things of life. Bob sees life in terms of duty, and he will ever do his best to mea-



sure up to the standard set by the great Ideal of mankind. Bob is a true friend, one whose word is golden; he can appreciate a friend because he can be one. It is this friendship which will stand the test of time. Bob has visions of acting some day as a medical missionary—whether this means of service may be achieved or not, one thing is certain—he will leave the world a little better than he finds it. May opportunity but unlock the door to the realization of this vision of service and we trust Bob to do the rest.

—H.J.H.

FRANCES MILLS

*"Rich joy and love she got and gave,
Her heart was merry"*

Swan River claims the honor of giving to class '31 this joyous, loyal spirit which for four years has lavished its store of capabil-

ities upon many phases of college life. As a proof of her executive ability we have only to consider the many positions entrusted to her, such as class Vice-President in Second and Fourth Years, Vice-President of the Co-ed Association in 1930, and Secretary-Treasurer in 1931, Vice-President of Dramatic Executive, 1930-31, and she was elected permanent Vice-President of the class. Besides all this she has served on numerous committees (with a particular failing for eats committees), and yet found time for curling, writing history essays and going to the



Walker. Dramatics always had a large claim on her interests and she was a member of the caste of "A Man Born to Be Manged," one of the three one-act plays produced this year.

Fran will long be remembered for her charming personality and dignity. She is reserved, but those who have had the privilege of becoming more intimate with her have learned to love one who is generous, sympathetic and thoughtful. Fran's ideal in life might be expressed in the following words: "To cherish fine thoughts and fine feelings and to be able finely to express them—this is 'culture.' "

—R.A., '31.

LAVINIA MOORE

When quite defenceless she was christened thus, so her aim in life has been to live down the impression it conveys. To this end her college days have been filled with strange adventures—rugby and hockey games, beaver-coon coats, sun bathing at Delta, high power salesmanship, midnight touring parties and Brandon at 3 a.m.



Venie—our tall friend of the crooked grin and the delightful chuckle. A person of many moods and fancies. On occasion she can be cool and collected, whether it's extinguishing fires, rendering first-aid or pouring tea. For four years Venie has known how to weather the storms of gossip and stick by her convictions in spite of it.

Her absorbing passions are many. In co-ed hockey games she strikes terror into the hearts of the opponents. This is due to her determined air, as well as spectacle guards and shin protectors. She drives a car like a fiend, and can find every bump in the road. As a student she is not spectacular, but out of hours she is a person of cultured tastes. She attends Celebrity concert and reads ponderous volumes, and really enjoys them. When one thinks of Venie, one thinks also of arguments. Many's the hot battle she's waged in the

Ladies' Parlor over politics, religion, child-rearing or even men.

Regardless of the career Venie chooses she'll enjoy it, for she likes "people" and gets the most out of living.

—“P.”S., '31.

JESSIE McATEER

When we, that know Jessie best, think of her, there comes to our minds a picture of a girl, somewhat dignified, quiet, reserved, but friendly, fun-loving, entertaining, rather paradoxical, perhaps, but that is what makes her interesting; and what is more surprising, she is also what could be termed an academic as well as a social paradox. During her four years at college she has combined the fine arts with the scientific. Many hours have been spent over a heap of ordinary looking rocks (but bearing extraordinary names). Over Botany, Chemistry, Physics she casts a scientific eye, and yet Browning, Shakespeare and Milton receive due consideration. Such a choice of study is



not too specialized to be narrow, not too miscellaneous to be deprived of the value attained in specialization.

This student goes away from University with the right perspective—the true value of a University education.

In sports, if there were rewards for the supporters on the "side lines" for the hockey, basketball and football games, Jessie certainly would qualify with honors, and no one denies but that the lusty cheers from the side lines put the necessary pep into the actual players.

The common room rather than the library was her favorite haunt. Literally, thousands of Bob's famous ham sandwiches were here devoured, washed down with the inevitable bottle of pop, and five cents' worth of peanuts fitted her for the rest of the day.

Jessie has certainly gained in her friendships made, and knowledge attained, her class and college undoubtedly benefitted by her associations.

Class '31 will long remember Jessie, with the fur coat, ham sandwiches, peanuts, pop, labs, and that loveable little "grin."—Jessie!

—G.L.B., '31 H.

JEAN RAILTON



The fairy godmother who adopted Jean as her chosen child that blustery March day not so many years ago, smilingly gave her blessings thus—"Thou shalt be endowed with a deep sense of humor which will enable thee to view

life sanely. This combined with a ready wit shall make thee one in whose company none shall long remain solemn.

Thy friendship shall be sought by those who do not possess it. In all thy undertakings whether it shall be in the field of knowledge or in the realm of sport, thou shalt attain the utmost success."—And the fairy's prophecy has come true.

—F.M., '31.

FLORENCE REID



When one thinks of Florence, one just naturally thinks of blue eyes with a twinkle in them, and a sunny smile, hallmarks of a cheerful, friendly, generous nature. Generous, yes, that is it; always ready to lend a hand whether the project be grave or gay—ready to help one over a difficult place in Algebra or Trig., for Maths. with Florence is merely fun—or equally enthusiastic over staging a jolly party or hike.

Being a minister's daughter, Florence is somewhat of a rover. At present she claims Swan River as her home town, but it was in Pilot Mound that she obtained her high school education, matriculating at an unusually early age. Entering Class '31 of Wesley in her Freshman year she has shared in

the many activities of the "razza, zazza, zip" class.

During her three years' residence in Sparling Hall she was a general favorite. This year Florence has tried her hand at light housekeeping thus adding to her recognized ability as a scholar, the charm of social and culinary gifts.

Wesley will indeed miss this girl who has been such a loyal and cheery companion. Our good wishes follow her and we predict for Florence success and happiness in her chosen profession.

J.A.F., '33.

M. EVELYN ROSS

A small but extremely interesting piece of humanity—Evelyn. Reserved and quiet with mere acquaintances but among friends bubbling over with scarcely restrained energy and enjoying a good lark at any time.



Elgin, Manitoba, her birthplace, the scene of her childhood and both public and high school days, is the loser since she entered Wesley in '27 and since her family removed permanently to Winnipeg. Evelyn claims to have been a very ordinary child—entering into everything, sharing in all sports a little but doing nothing outstanding—we wonder.

However, she is a championship

curler of some standing now and she has certainly used her ability to add to the laurels of her chosen College and of the University.

Although we have not all had the opportunity of a life-long friendship as one lucky individual has, yet we are happy if numbered among her many College friends.

ALLAN J. RYCKMAN



Allan arrived in this cold world on February 8th, 1910, and in spite of being an only child, is not spoiled—altogether. But he usually gets his own way—in debates.

He received his High School education at "Daniel Mac." and came to Wesley as a "freshie-soph." in September, 1928. Modest and unassuming (during the first year) his abilities were not at once recognized. It was as a "Jolly Junior" that he first attracted the attention of the student body, for in that year he made the inter-faculty track and basketball teams, served on the Social and Literary Executive, and demonstrated his histrionic ability as the gallant Mr. Tux E. Dough, the rejected suitor of Una Varsity in the trophy-winning stunt of Class '31.

But it was as a debater that Allan excelled. He was entered as a dark horse in the final of the inter-faculty series, and came

through with flying colors, helping Charlie bear home the handsome trophy. Needless to say, he has been in great demand ever since when debates are the order of the day. Last year he travelled to Brandon with Stan McLeod for the annual Good-will Debate there, and this year he, with Dave Conly, won against stiff opposition in the inter-class series, and also earned another victory in U.M.D.U. circles, beside entertaining at the Scottish banquet.

In his graduating year, aside from debating, he has been a very efficient class president. In recognition of his efficiency and his willing service, his class-mates chose him for their permanent president. He was also the unanimous choice for Valedictorian, an office he filled in a manner second to none.

Of a naturally happy disposition, Allan takes a keen joy in life. Among his hobbies are skating—alone—and parliamentary activity. Three years he has been a Cabinet Minister in the Manitoba Tuxis Parliament, and he has already been unanimously chosen Speaker for the 1931 session. He was in his glory as the Premier in the recent '1980' session of the United Colleges Legislature. Who can guess his future political achievement? President of Mexico?

He has one pet diversion—co-eds, and one pet aversion—Browning. And he does get a lot of fun out of teasing Barney.

B.H.S., '31.

EFFIE E. SCHMIDT

Virden is fortunate in being able to claim Effie as its own. She was born there and there she went to school and completed Grade XII.

Teaching, Summer School, and

extramural work, mixed with holidays spent in travelling, in motoring and in pursuing her favorite pastimes—gardening and hiking—have given Effie many and varied contacts with life and have brought her to Wesley to join Class '31 in its Senior Year.

Here she has proved her ability both as a student and as a sports-woman, for besides taking more than the allotted sixteen units and following her intellectual curiosity in paths other than those mapped



out by her course, Effie curled on the U.M.S.U. rink in the Winnipeg Ladies' Bonspiel, and on the United rink in the Interfaculty competition.

Effie has made Sparling Hall life happier for us with her unfailing friendliness, her sympathetic nature, her ability to see the other's viewpoint, and her keen sense of humor.

Whatever life holds for her, wherever she goes, our good wishes follow her.

—I.E.W. '31

LUCY SNYDER

Prologue:—St. James Collegiate, where "Pat" was a demure and quiet young thing, but who had the faculty for getting others into and herself out of trouble.

First Act:—"Pat" came to

Wesley still a bit demure and not so quiet, with a bit of wing dust on her shoulders which just wouldn't let her stay right side up —also an insatiable desire to impress by using words only "Pat" could pronounce.



Second Act:—No longer demure and no longer quiet, and even though a member of the discipline committee, the wing dust was still about. Always an enthusiastic supporter of all sports, now a sudden interest in hockey developed, which indirectly started a collection of china celluloid or "what have you" elephants.

Third Act:—Wing dust still showed a bit and especially noticed at Wiener roasts. A sudden interest in the R.K.O. on Monday afternoons and a greater affinity than ever for the common room.

Fourth Act:—Only a flake of dust left when she tried her pet on the ceiling of a certain apartment. Hockey now forgotten for an interest in curling and only an occasional interest in the R.K.O. In this act we find "Pat's" qualities as a true and sympathetic friend which were noticed before, but which now came into the foreground. Also an ability to always go beneath the surface to find one's true qualities and to stick by them when found.

Epilogue:—An efficient stenographer, with increasing interests, but it is rumored Miss Lucy Snyder brings renown to Winnipeg as a champion curler.

RJ STAPLES

Disregarding Horace Greeley's words, Rj came to Wesley in '28, loaded down with musical instruments and with the intention of receiving a degree in Arts.

Handicapped at having been out of school for several years, and at coming in as a freshie soph, it was not long before Rj was onto the way of things, and was at once recognized as a leader.

Rj is sympathetic and understanding, which makes him a good



friend to all. He is thorough in all his work, a student of philosophy, one who knows, loves, and appreciates music, and a gentleman.

From the first, Rj has played an active role in student activities, which are all too numerous to mention. As president of his class his cool-headedness prevented many a crisis. As representative on the U.M.S.U. Council he took an active part. Lastly but not the least: the students of the United Colleges conferred upon Rj the highest honor in their power, namely, that of Senior Stick. It is

in this office that Rj has excelled himself, and he has left on enviable record of achievement.

Rj's great ambition is to be an architect, but he feels like the rest of us, that his future is quite uncertain, but whatever his chosen profession may be, we feel confident that he will rise to the top.

"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man."—quickly describes his character.

—L.A.S., '31 (Hon.)

WINNIFRED STEVENSON

Boissevain claims Winnie and proudly so! It was there during



her adolescent years that her keen community spirit and admirable Irish characteristics were first evinced and appreciated.

At the completion of her High School work in 1927, she came to Winnipeg, and without having to circumnavigate the precincts of Wesley or wait for the trumpet blast, she entered the gates of Knowledge, for she was fully qualified, and after four successful years, she is now prepared to pass out through the gates again, and in her zeal and enthusiasm to add to her scholastic attainments, she will proceed to another seat of learning to specialize in those subjects which will enable

her to make a greater contribution to the teaching profession which she hopes to grace.

She has taken a very active part in college social activities in connection with both residence and the college at large; and has filled in a most creditable way, the office of dramatic representative for the present year, as well as being chosen to play on the Co-ed curling team where she displayed her usual co-operative spirit.

Because of the charm of manner and friendly spirit which are hers by nature, she has greatly endeared herself to all the students with whom she has come in contact. The good wishes of her many college friends will follow her as she goes farther afield in continuing her studies.

—J.P.B.

—M.E.R.

B. HAROLD STINSON

Harold is a son of the soil, claiming Lyleton as the most favored spot in Manitoba. Being



academically inclined, Harold stepped forth from Melita High School, having received a Provincial Scholarship in Grade X. Having thus made a success of study himself, he was stimulated as a pedagogue to encourage others to do likewise. A few years later

he arrived at Wesley in the autumn of '28, an experienced teacher with a permanent first class certificate.

He surely has not been inactive during his three years here. From the outset it became known that if a task entailing considerable work had to be done, at least one person could be found to do it. Consequently Harold has found himself "swamped" with offices. He has given of his time to S.C.M., Dramatics, Vox, Bulletin Board, sport of all kinds, reporting, House Committee, International Affairs, and College Finance. His greatest achievements have been in the handling of the Bulletin Board, where his constant interest helped to win so many championships last year; as Student Treasurer, where he has performed the duties of the office in a manner deserving great credit; and in his constant interest in athletics, which has been rewarded with the opportunity of making his still further contribution next year as President.

Harold is a sincere friend, an ardent supporter of college activity, and a student indeed. May he ever receive his desert at the hands of Providence.

—H.J.H.

J. EMERSON THOMPSON

Everybody must "shush." This story may be interesting for those who have attempted to obtain the maximum from the minimum.

Emmie can acquaint you with many walks of life—whether riding the rods through the Rockies or dining with millionaires at exclusive clubs. Life for him is one big experience after another. He is always game for doing things.

In college life he has contrib-

uted colorful touches to its various phases. He has gathered athletic awards in sporting circles and popularity in the "social whirl." His name is associated with the "roarin' game" in particular, but he has found time for cuspidor hockey, St. Patrick day fights, outstanding dance parties, and the faculty meetings.

As for residence life he made it interesting and worth while for two years and then sought a change. The final year has resulted



in a "suite experience" for this blond college lad.

His four outstanding years have been founded upon a singular and winning personality and ability to cope with any situation confronting him.

We want you to keep up the battle, Emmie, as life holds a great deal in store for you yet.

—C.F.S.G., '31.

BARNEY THORDARSON

A son of Iceland—with an Irish name! Six foot two and a 100% good scout! That's Barney! Also an illustration of the truth of the old adage that "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." Barney

has fallen hard—but nobody is surprised. We've met her.

Barney was born at Langruth, and there he received his early education. He entered Wesley as a freshman in September, 1926, but did not return for his Sophomore year till 1929, meanwhile assuming the role of rural and village teacher. Coming back some eighteen months ago, Barney made up for lost time by taking his last three years work in two, with the help of the Manitoba Summer School.

Barney has enjoyed the distinction of being the only person who ever graduated while President of the Third Year class. But he made a good job of both, and at the same time found time and energy to carry twenty units, teach Grade IX Latin, fulfil his duties as Secretary of the Student Body, and establish a record in *Vox* advertising—not to mention the writing of many letters that were not strictly



business. How he does it we don't know, for he never works on holidays—Easter, for example.

After graduation, Barney will return to his pedagogical pursuits. He has already arranged for an assistant. He *has been* a good student; he *will be* a good teacher; he *is* a real friend.

We wish every success and happiness to—*both* of them!

B.H.S., '31.

IDA E. WAINES



A native and one of the fine products of Virden, Manitoba, Ida received her High School education in the Collegiate Institute of that town. Having completed Grade XII, she attended Normal in Regina and taught for some time in the Province of Saskatchewan.

Urged by a desire for greater knowledge, she entered Wesley as a Sophomore in 1929. By the way of enthusiastic endeavor, two terms in Summer School, and the burning of much midnight oil, Ida achieved three years' work in two and entered her Senior Year as a member of Class '31.

During her busy college career she has proved herself capable, as assistant *Vox* Bulletin Board Editor—practical, as a member of the S.C.M. Executive and Sparling Hall House Committee, efficiency itself on a refreshment committee and as a friend—staunch and true.

As she goes out again into the field of pedagogy we wish for her all joy and continued success.

—E.E.S., '31.

Convocation, 1931

"Convocation"—a magic word each year to so many, truly a "calling together" in ever increasing numbers. An event dreamed of and longed for months in advance because it will mean successful achievement and an end of lectures which after four years have lost somewhat of their charm; an event viewed with some regret when it arrives, since it means the inevitable breaking of college contacts and the losing touch with many; an event held supreme within the memory, perhaps forever. Is this, perhaps, only true of a certain portion of the students or is the gentleman an exception who remarked, "I never thought much of Convocation when I graduated, but these girls certainly seem to get a wonderful thrill out of it."

We wonder whether it is the students who are growing more tardy or the members of the faculty and boards, for it worries us a little to see a 10 o'clock ceremony commencing at 10:25 when last year it was only 10:20! There is sincere relief and appreciation felt and expressed when the curtain rises to reveal the dear old Archbishop, our Chancellor, once more in the centre of the stage; the graduates had been afraid he might not be well enough and he has become so much a part of the ceremony that his absence would have been a great disappointment.

As it is, the graduates are deprived of the Chancellor's annual address and kindly advice which they have come to expect and enjoy and the President of the University relieves him by himself giving a report of the University for the past year. Among many items were noted the facts that this year 2844 students replace the

2888 of last year and that over a period of five years an average of 71% of the students graduate. The President reviews the progress of the new buildings and commends all those who have given of their time and thought to the task of arranging the best for the new University of Manitoba—a University which is not intended only for specialists, but also for those students interested in a general course. At this impressive moment a ripple of laughter surmounts the rustlings and shufflings of a large audience, for an immense grey cat appears on the platform, brushes past the President and dodges under the chairs of dignified professors to disappear, but the President, seemingly unaware, goes serenely on. To those of us who have heard so often that our fees do not begin to cover the cost to the University of our year's work, a further note was interesting, namely, that in the junior years, at least where classes run to fifty or more, they practically maintain themselves.

As the University students arise to be presented by Dean Tier for their degree of Bachelor of Arts, there is a leaning forward and admiring glances by relatives and friends. We are so interested, so eagerly enjoying every minute that it comes as a jarring note to hear someone behind say in a very pessimistic and mournfully toneless voice, "What are all these students going to do—where are they ever all going to find work. . ." and we realize that we have forgotten to note anything of interest for Vox—oh well, we are sure she is mistaken.

When the United Colleges students are presented by Dr. Riddell

we are even more interested and applaud whole-heartedly, for everyone is looking "her" loveliest and the "hims" endeavor to appear nonchalant as all cross the platform to receive a parchment.

And so through the Science and Honor degrees.

There seems a splendid number receiving their Masters degree, but it is impossible to hear any of the ceremony except the regular intonation of the Chancellor as once again he repeats in his deep, full voice the well known but revered formula, "By virtue of the authority invested in me as Chancellor of the University, I admit you to the degree of Master of Arts and confer upon you all the rights and privileges thereto pertaining."

A few special degrees remain to be conferred before the close. The case of Alexander Bajkov is unique—a native of Moscow, driven to Czecho-Slovakia by Bolshevik persecution, he came here only five years ago and now receives the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Eleanor Dowding, too, becomes Doctor of Philosophy—the first lady in Western Canada to receive this distinction and the fourth person to receive it from the University of Manitoba.

Among the Honorary degree recipients we were most happy and delighted to see our own beloved Dr. Elliott. In presenting him Dr. Riddell used these phrases, among others, to describe him—still a diligent and industrious student, a mature scholar, an interpreter of philosophy both ancient and modern, a wise and inspiring teacher, an Irishman, one who insisted that his class "Think the thing through," a significant demand nowadays. Dr. Elliott accepted his degree of Doctor of

Laws, his hood and the thunderous applause with his usual grave demeanor.

The presentation of medals, the announcement of scholarships and "The King" concludes the ceremony of Convocation for another year and Class '31 has passed to the ranks of the great. We are sorry to lose you, '31, the College will miss your willing helpfulness, but since these things must be, good-bye and good luck.

—L.J.S., '32 (H.)

A college student once found his way out into the prairie to spend his "holidays." The farmer sized him up and asked him how he was at running—"Well," he answered, "I'm fair at it, as I placed second in the interfaculty 220." "Well," said the boss, "we'll see how good you are—go and round up the sheep."

Time passed and the poor duffer had not returned, but finally he staggered into the house—"Well, I got them at last, he remarked. "The sheep came pretty easy, but I had a terrible time getting the lambs." "Lambs," said the farmer, "we have no lambs!" So he went out to investigate and to his surprise found six exhausted jackrabbits in the pen with the sheep. We wonder who placed first in the interfaculty!

Hotel Clerk (writing a form)—
"Name, please?"

Guest—"Tammies MacTavish
MacHaggis."

Clerk—"Nationality?"

—Wall Street Journal.

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before.
We slap behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

Student Treasurer's Report

Financially, the year just closing has been a success. While many improvements in general management can still be made, steps have been taken to keep expenditures at a minimum, with the result that we close the term with an estimated surplus of approximately two hundred and thirty dollars (\$230) on the year's activities.

The membership of the student body for the year numbered 384, of whom 208 paid the \$10.00 fee required of Arts, Science and Theology student members, the remaining 176 paying the Collegiate Department fees according to the grade being taken and the corresponding student privileges shared.

Although every department was very active throughout the year, all are able to show at least a small balance on hand at the close of activities. Prospective students may ask, "What do we get for our student fees?" To this we reply, "You get just what you go after." The following privileges are open to all who have paid student fees and are thus members of the Student Body: Athletics (Track, Basketball, Football, Tennis, Skating, Hockey); Debating, Dramatics, Social functions, *Vox* (the College magazine), and *The Manitoban* (the University weekly paper). All of these activities come in the field of inter-class as well as inter-faculty competition, and for those who excel in Athletics or Debating there is also the wider field of inter-Varsity competition. How many of these one may participate in depends on his own inclination and ability.

In presenting this final report, I would like to thank the Student Council, the heads of the various executives, and the students in general, for their co-operation, which has made the handling of the student finances easier than it might have been. And I would bespeak the same care as to expenditure and the same co-operation for the coming year, when Mr. Bragg becomes my worthy successor at the seat of custom.

Following is the statement of the year's receipts and expenditures according to departments:

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, MAY 5TH, 1931

RECEIPTS

Account	Fees	Other	Total
Athletics	\$ 576.00	\$ 179.00	\$ 755.00
Debating		15.00*	15.00
Dramatics	57.60	164.40	222.00
Co-Ed Association	115.20	95.02	210.22
Social and Literary	867.00	161.57	1,028.57
<i>Vox</i>	288.00	342.10	630.10
U.M.S.U.	725.50		725.50
General Account	447.20	243.26†	690.46
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$3,076.50	\$1,200.35	\$4,276.85

* No provision made for debating in allocation of student fees, but the sum of fifteen dollars voted by the Council.

† This amount made up of a credit balance of \$193.26 from last year supplemented by a vote of \$50.00 from the Co-Eds for Brown and Gold.

EXPENDITURES

Account	To Date	Future	Total	Balance
Athletics	\$ 647.44	-----	\$ 647.44	\$ 107.56
Debating	14.00	-----	14.00	1.00
Dramatics	221.26	-----	221.26	.74
Co-Ed Association	183.55	-----	183.55	26.67
Social and Literary	861.91	-----	861.91	166.66
Vox	428.78	170.00	598.78	31.32
U.M.S.U.	725.50	-----	725.50	-----
General Account	358.50	240.00	598.50	91.96
	\$3,440.95	\$ 410.00	\$3,850.94	\$ 425.91

The estimated expenditures of \$170.00 and \$240.00 in the Vox and General Accounts respectively provide for the cost of this issue of the College magazine and the settlement of the "Brown and Gold" account which has not yet been submitted by the Year Book Executive.

Of the total fees collected (\$3,076.50), only twenty-six hundred and sixty dollars (\$2,600.00) has been drawn from the office of the Registrar. Thus we will begin the new year with four hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty cents (\$416.50) to our credit in the college office and a small balance in the bank. The funds are handled entirely by cheque through the Portage and Good Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

Following is the budget for 1931-32 as presented to the Finance Committee, and recommended by the Student Council to the Student Body, by which body it was accepted and duly ratified. It will be noted that no radical changes have been made, except that Debating is recognized for the first time in the annual budget.

	Grades IX and X	Grade XI	Grade XII	Arts, Science and Theology
Athletics	\$1.50	\$1.50	\$1.50	\$1.50
Social and Literary	.75	2.25	2.50	2.50
Vox	.75	.75	.75	.75
Co-Eds	.25	.25	.25	.25
Dramatics	.15	.15	.15	.15
Debating	.10	.10	.10	.10
U.M.S.U.				3.50
General	.50	.50	1.25	1.25
TOTAL	\$4.00	\$5.50	\$6.50	\$10.00

N.B.—The above allotment is not to be taken as a final division of funds, but rather as a guide to expenditure.

Respectfully submitted,

HAROLD STINSON,
General Student Treasurer.

Vox Executive

1930-31



BACK ROW—R. J. Love, G. D. Box, K. Leatherdale, A. D. Longman, R. MacLean,
B. Thordarson, S. H. Knowles, M. R. Loree, C. B. Ramsay.
MIDDLE ROW—L. G. Bragg, Margaret Duff, Lilian Racey, Marjorie Hopkins,
W. K. Clarke.

SITTING—B. H. Stinson, Ida Waines, Dr. G. B. King (Hon. Editor), H. J. Harland
(Editor-in-Chief), B. C. King, Jean Newman, T. A. Payne.

Grade XII Graduates

Aitken, Ella	Grandy, Doris	Nykarchuck, Paul
Baker, Annie	Greschuk, Beatrice	Olchowechi, Peter
Bell, Gilbert	Grossman, Catherine	Prossak, Sophie
Blair, Constance	Harley, Arthur	Prout, Minnie
Braid, Clarence	Hinds, Lorainne	Rattliff, Frank
Buick, Margaret	Hobson, Kenneth	Rose, Margaret
Cameron, Clare	Jackson, Evelyn	Ross, Herrick
Cathcart, Irene	Kaprawy, Anton	Russell, Ruby
Clarke, Mary	Kasian, Nicholas	Scott, Helen
Cleaver, Grace	Klassen, Anna	Scott, Janet
Copley, Elizabeth	Kowalech, Joseph	Senicie, Jennie
Corda, Amy	Krucik, Dan	Sharpe, Ruth
Danilevitch, Annie	Kulachkowsky, Mary	Shier, Beatrice
Davis, Corinne	Leatherdale, Kenneth	Somerville, Irvine
Demler, Mollie	Lecoq, George	Stevenson, Willard
Eliuk, John	Lowery, Dorothy	Stewart, Helen
Ewanchuk, Michael	Marshall, Lawrence	Tanchak, Helen
Fanumn, Annie	Martin, Emily	Thorvaldson, Maybelle
Ferguson, Elmer	McAllister, Homer	Toporowsky, Mary
Ferguson, Ethel	McDougald, Glen	Vankoughnet, Audrey
Ferguson, May	McLaughlin, Thomas	Waddell, Isabel
Fraser, James	McLean, Mary	Wainwright, Bertha
Fraser, William	McMillan, George	Wardrop, June
Fyfe, Irene	Mead, Lillian	Wheatley, Grace
Goulding, Jean	Milbrandt, William	Woods, Kathleen
Graham, Doris	Nazeravitch, Mary	Young, Bernice

Grade XI Graduates

Blackmore, Stanley	Hinks, Cecil	Ramsay, Cyrus
Brown, Harold	Hunter, Georgina	Riley, Donald
Buckingham, Clarence	Jessop, Lorne	Ross, W. Carlton
Butt, John	Kerns, Mary	Saunders, Thomas
Cockett, Mrs. Leild	Kosasky, Hyman	Schuetze, Richard
Christopherson, Olive	Krentz, Walter	Smith, Marjorie
Crossen, William	Marat, Edna	Sterland, Dorothy
Daly, Kathleen	Marchant, Lawrence	Stevens, Dorothy
Denner, John	McCoubrey, Dorothy	Storr, Phyllis
Dillabough, Marjorie	Miller, Donald	Tomlinson, Lorne
Duff, Margaret	Orton, Lois	Turner, Edward
Fidler, John	Owens, James	Waines, Myrtle
Geddes, Luva	Parsons, Myrtle	Williams, Joan
Gordon, Norma	Patterson, Grace	Yacheson, Minnie
Higgins, Jessie	Pelton, Edward	

S.C.M. Executive

1930-31



BACK ROW—Jean Holt, R. J. Love, B. C. King, S. H. Knowles, Luella Sprung,
L. C. Stinson, H. J. Harland, D. Conly, Lilian Racey.

FRONT ROW—G. D. Box, Margaret Mellish, Dr. L. W. Moffit (Hon. President),
J. P. Brown (President), Ida Waines.

Co-Ed Executive

1930-31



BACK ROW—Jean Newman, Norma Gordon, Ruth Armstrong, Jean Fraser, Marjorie Elliott.

FRONT ROW—Margaret Mellish, Mrs. O. T. Anderson (Hon. President), Luella Sprung (Lady Stick, President), Olive Glinz, Frances Mills.

A Fool Rushed In!

By C. C., '33

A ticklish task has fallen to my lot, and while, when I was approached, I readily enough agreed to undertake it, since then I have several times despaired of bringing it to a successful end. Now, as many well know, it is not usual for me to be at all squeamish over a journalistic adventure (quite on the contrary, I usually rush into a thing with bull-like impetuosity); this time, however, I have a very definite feeling of incapacity: not only do I feel that I cannot do justice to my task, but that I cannot do it at all. It is really a dreadful state of affairs. And yet, because I promised, so must I at least attempt execution—hoping that the gods will smile on me, and that I shall make the least possible hash of the venture.

* * *

In the last issue of *Vox*, and by other mediums, it was noised abroad that a *Quidders' Club* was meeting twice a week throughout the two terms. Insufficient details accompanied this news, creating mild speculation and wodering comment in halls and class-rooms. What, why, who, were the *Quidders*? It is not my task to answer these questions—and yet, in a way, that is involved. Briefly, the *Quidders* are seven Sophomore men who formed a discussion club; they formed this club because they felt that something is lacking, perhaps facilities for the exchange of ideas, perhaps intimate intellectual associations between students, and that there is a real need for supplementing academic assimilation with personal experience; the names of these *Quidders* are —

But in that, if in any of the above questions, lies a goodly part of my task. At the last meeting, each member told briefly "What the Club Has Meant to Me." And of course, I, blundering along on an original tack, got up and made some very personal and very ill-timed remarks on outstanding intellectual characteristics of the members and what I had learned from them. After several interruptions I concluded this boorish performance. It was then decided that the members should pair off, choose three subjects and each pair write on the pros and cons of their subject. To the odd member should fall the lot of prefacing these short discussional papers by a suitable introduction. And such is what this task is supposed to be. Thinking to myself that it would be quite sufficient to reproduce in substance the remarks I made concerning the members at the final meeting, I went on no further search for ideas. But now that I have begun to write this article, I fear greatly that I have—yes, I shall say it!—bitten off more than I can chew. And the worst of it is, I have no other ideas, and no time to go questing for them. Perforce. I must continue the original plan, come that which will.

* * *

What? Foul villain! black, misbegotten, hellish fiend! vile, heinous, devilish monster! Back to your sulphurous, stygian, unplumbed depths! Speak not, lest the very heavens in their unutterable fury rain a ghastly dew on your evil, shaggy head! Stop up your mouth. let no bitter ac-

cents blare out; blame not, praise not; in silence return to your sinister den. The gods themselves move not in faintest speech to reveal what you would thunder forth! Creep down into the dismal reaches of your diabolic gehenna, and forever hold your peace!

A fool rushed in—and now he rushes out!

University Life - And University Life - With a Purpose

"You can't be a sport and a student." This statement was made to the writer some years ago by a serious-minded young fellow who was "working his passage" through University—a youth who had a vision of his goal, and who kept his feet in the paths of purpose, in spite of the fact that his fellow-students thought him "queer."

Knowing something of "sports" and of students, we are inclined to agree with him, and every examination period produces fresh evidence to support the statement. "I didn't do much studying during the term, but I sure had a good time," is a remark heard with sufficient frequency to make it almost commonplace. And the result of the good time usually is a mad mental scrambling over the term's notes during the last week or two preceding exams, and failure. Nor is the failure less real when bare pass marks are obtained, comforting though they may be, for there is little retention of "crammed" learning and the success indicated by pass marks may be its direct opposite in the matter of permanent benefit derived from study.

Yet there is a real place for "good times" at college. The competitive activities of track and field, arena and gymnasium, have a definite contribution to make to the physical and mental well-being of college youth. Clubs for dra-

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Why does Nature demand that we spend the first year of our lives in our cradles? Why the enforced expenditure of a number of years of play and why have we to arrive at about the age of twenty before we attain our full stature? If we wish to pursue the question further we might ask also why we spend seven or eight hours per day in bed or why a woman spends several hours dressing herself before attending a social function. So many times have we heard it said, "Life is short." We are perplexed, therefore, when we think how much longer life might be if these seemingly wasted hours could be turned to good account. The obvious answer to these queries is that preparation is necessary in every sphere of life. It is the parents' duty to see that the child spends its early years to advantage. We all know the importance of obtaining a sound and refreshing sleep for the ensuing day's labors, and the woman realizes that the time she spends before her mirror is not fruitless.

It is the same with the years spent at the University. Some will use those years pursuing tasks with energy and enterprise—others wander through in the grip of lethargy and idleness. It is not the purpose of the writer to be a kill-joy—there are many activities extant in college life—these demand attention—often we find that,

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 matics, debating, choral singing, etc., and the social functions of classes and groups, all these are valuable accessories to the main purpose of college life—but they are accessories only. Insofar as they afford relaxation from study, develop capacities, and provide means for self-expression without weakening the educational purpose of a University career, they are good.

The present tendency is towards over-indulgence in the social and athletic life of our educational institutions at the expense of learning that is necessary to the best use and enjoyment of the future. The play impulse of youth must be controlled in the interests of the man or woman you hope to be. "You can't be a sport and a student."

—T.A.P., '33.

The Academic Student —*Pro.*

In setting forth the merits of the purely academic character, several points come to mind Everyone whose soul is alive, is searching for the Truth of Life. Truth is the Perfect arrangement of and attitude towards Knowledge. The man who spends his nights and days reading the heart out of books is pursuing and gaining knowledge, knowledge which is necessary for the Quest of Truth to begin. The voracious reader is having a multitude of ideas presented to his mind for consideration. The more he reads of other men's thoughts, the more are the ideas presented to him, and the more issues of Life does he become conscious of—that, to me, is the function of books, to make one alive to and conscious of certain very

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 obeying the impulse to associate ourselves with these activities, we unravel some buried treasure within our deeper nature—to get the best then from our University life we must devote ourselves wholly to our task.

But we go to bed with the definite purpose of sleeping—to the dining-room to eat—so is there a definite purpose in life. The true student will come to University with his plans all drawn up. It is very easy to set oneself the hazy target—B.A. What will that B.A. mean to you? Those who have come with the intention of fitting themselves for a known position in life will not hesitate in choosing their subjects or their extra-curricular activities, for all will converge to that, as yet, spot on the horizon. These people have a mission in life, and nothing will turn them from it. They have come to University to prepare to carry out their work more effectively.

The justification for the existence of the University is that all students should come with such an aim, and in so doing, the years they pass within the halls of learning will be those of determined preparation, which is, after all, a part of the serious business of life.

—G.B.P., '33.

The Academic Student —*Con.*

Like most phrases in current use, the meaning is very vague and generalized. The academic student, as I understand it, is one whose book knowledge is greater than his experience, and is content that it should be so.

The evils of such an attitude are sufficiently obvious as to suggest

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definite questions in Life, which have to be decided; in other words, to broaden one's field of thinking, and increase the number of subjects for meditation. The student then who is scholarly in his pursuits, travels through life alive to It, and its multiplicity of issues, while the general student never has time to pursue his studies far, and spends his cycle in benumbed ignorance of the whole game. He either does not care to apprehend the Truth of Life, or is content to let others decide it for him; at any rate he is not spending his time and energy on Its Quest. In perfect opposition to this attitude is that of the academic student who through his study is conscious of the problems of the Universe, and is spending his time and life energy in attempting to solve those questions for himself. He is intellectually honest, will not rest till he has satisfied himself on these questions which have been puzzling him—he is engaged in a vital search for the precious answer to the problem of Life Itself; but the "all-round" student seems dodging the issue, never facing up to it, always running from it, and in the end going ignorant or accepting someone else's answer, either solution being ignoble when compared with that of the academic student.

G.M.C.S., '33.

The Examination System - No?

Before our University confers upon us a degree—that hall-mark of a sound education—examinations of some kind are necessary both to determine our standing and—in the earlier stages—to ensure that we make satisfactory progress.

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my own objection. It is axiomatic truth that we only truly understand what we have experienced; and when the academic student voluntarily restricts the field of experience he not only prevents himself from fully appreciating the ideas he "assimilates," but those practical difficulties which make "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." Indeed it is this failure which has earned them the disparaging epithets of "theorists" and "doctrinaires."

Of course this situation is not necessary—as action without thought is as dangerous as thought without action. But its existence does indicate a failure—which can be traced back to the academic scholar—as he is, not as he should be. For this reason, the academic student's depreciation of experience—the ultimate test of all that we say or do—should be discouraged.

—W.N., '33.

The Examination System - Yes?

A dispensable inheritance from musty tradition is our written examination. We do not think that we can complete a period's work without the eclat of inane swotting and ingurgitation. A written examination of this type shifts the aim and approach of all but very strong-willed students in their work from an introduction into the realms of several subjects to the knack of being able to put down on paper a number of unmnesticated morsels of facts and an occasional original thought, with the accompanying alarming moral degradation!

I do not believe in too much specialization. The first two years

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But not only are examinations of service to the examining authorities, they have a distinct value for the examinee. They make certain demands upon his ability to organize his knowledge and train him to think through a question or problem clearly and to answer concisely and pertinently. For this reason I am quite opposed to any system of daily or weekly oral tests. These have no educational value and are conducive to a slovenly mind. There can be no evading the challenge of a three hour written examination; a student knows just where and how he stands.

Nevertheless, the present system has obvious points of weakness. It sets a premium upon cramming (i.e., unintelligent, last minute preparation of a subject with a single eye to the needs of the examination), for it is manifestly impossible in one term either to cover a great deal of ground or to do any very specialised or intensive study. And the pass mark is only 50%! The result is that the Manitoba pass B.A. is becoming increasingly valueless. The wonder is that any fail to obtain it. Now the deletion of the Christmas examinations would have a very beneficial result (and I do not mean merely that examiners and examinees would be able to approach the festive season with lighter hearts, though that would be something). If a student has to write one examination on the whole year's work he will have to know it. Unintelligent cramming will hardly help him here. Were there more continuity and specialization in the courses of study, it might be well to have only two examinations—one half-way and one at the end. Certainly

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should be divided among a number of two unit subjects and a few four unit, in order to afford the student a wide approach. Hence, but two written examinations in four or five years would hardly be suitable, for the results they attempt to establish. Also it might be argued that written examinations benefit a student. But what service is learning to write well with the pen going to be if one cannot produce things to write? A copying clerk doesn't go far in this world.

Examinations should not act as sieves, letting through those who pass certain requirements, restraining others, at the *end* of a period. Rather, since, alas, examinations are still necessary in our educational system, they should see that the student keeps abreast of his work at all times, and should always be very much in the background. A daily test, written and corrected by the student could take but five minutes or little more. These tests should have to do not with what the professor has been telling the student but with what the student has found out himself by his private study following upon the professor's lecture, and they should confine themselves to a very few questions answerable in a sentence or two. A student does not need to rant on for two or three pages upon a subject to prove to his examiner that he knows the subject: for a subtle question requiring but a few words' answer will accomplish the same.

By this method the professor would know at once whether a student was getting anything from his work or not. How many students keep their private study up to their classroom work? A despicably small number!

(Continued on page 66, col. 2)

(Continued from page 65, col. 1)
 a pre-graduation examination on the whole course would be advantageous. To illustrate what I mean; suppose that for the fourth and fifth year honor courses there were but one examination—pre-graduation—who can doubt but that such a system would form a much sounder basis for testing the candidate's real knowledge and also give him a much better opportunity of displaying his ability? Piecemeal examinations (plus supplements) are inimical to real worth while results.

But perhaps we don't want to see our standards raised? Would not such reforms as here suggested interfere with the divine right of every Canadian to a University education? Nevertheless, low standards and easy tasks never called forth the best in anyone—individual or community. Our present system of examining is like teaching a child a poem by having it recite one line per day; by the time you have got to the end, the child has quite forgot whether the poem was "A Psalm of Life" or "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Non Satis!

—W.G.O.

During the week following Easter, three boys in Fourth Year were studying Browning together. Allan reads "By the Fire-side," picturing an old man reminiscing with a book of Greek verse upon his knee.

Allan—"There'll be no book of Greek verse upon *my* knee."

Barney—"I know what I'll have on *my* knee."

And he wondered why Allan and Harold laughed.

(Continued from page 65, col. 2)
 Every week a class might have an oral exposition from students, covering the course being surveyed. If a man cannot rise and speak impromptu upon a subject with which he has been dealing for a week, a month, or a longer period back, he should not be allowed to undertake any course! Higher grades in our High Schools should be provided for these spoon-ladled varieties. When a student has written examination to fall back on to procure him a degree, he will inevitably be benumbed and torpid in the lecture-room, only mentally alert enough to take down imbecile notes. Facts will always be useful only as a rude structure. As long as a student refrains from thinking, he will never be able to clothe them in the raiment of Self Development and Perfection.

—B.C.K., '33.

AT

Hollinsworth's

You Will Always Find

Smart—

Dependable—

Merchandise—

Dresses — Coats Furs

MODERATELY PRICED

We Invite Your Inspection

The Registrar's Report as Given Recognition Night

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board and Faculty, Friends of the College:

The object of this report is to place before you such information concerning our students as will lead to a clearer conception of the work of the College, the area from which students come, the numbers which have enrolled in each academic year, the homes from which these students have come, how each of the different racial stocks which have come to Canada is represented, and how many have come from each religious denomination, and at what age the students come.

Our total registration this year is 578 as compared with 488 last session. This is an increase of 90 over the last session and an increase of 81 over the session 1928-29. These figures include the summer school in Grade XI, which had a registration of 73, an increase of 32 over the previous summer. They also include students who are registered as University students. These come into all the classes in Arts. The number this year stands at 82. As far as our records show, the students find themselves studying courses in the following years:

ARTS	Regular	University	Total
Fifth Year Honors -----	7	---	7
Fourth Year Honors -----	3	---	3
Fourth Year General -----	32	19	51
Third Year -----	24	14	38
Second Year -----	75	44	119
First Year -----	69	5	74
			292
COLLEGIATE			
Grade XII -----		86	
Grade XI -----		51	
Grade X -----		45	
Grade IX -----		31	
			213
Grade XI Summer School -----			73
Total -----			578

The students who come from homes outside the city still form a large part of the student body. While 216 give their home address as outside the city, it is quite clear that some of the 362 who have given a city address as their home and have done so because their parents have moved to the city for the convenience of their children during the session.

There are 21 of the national stocks which have come to Canada, represented in our student body. Apart from Canadians who number 297 the English stand first with 74; the Scotch 48; Ukrainians 40; Jewish 36; Irish 26; German 8; Polish 8; Icelandic 6, and so on.

Our students in classifying themselves according to religion have indicated that there are 21 sects represented. The United Church stands first with 341; Anglican is represented by 77; Jewish 38; Presbyterian

26; Roman Catholic 20; Baptist 16, and so on through the remainder of the list.

This year the men number 297 and the ladies 281, giving 16 of a majority for men. The ladies have a majority in Grade XII of 30; Third Year of 8; Fourth Year, Fourth Year Honors and Fifth Year Honors of one each. There is a considerable majority in the number of men in First and Second Years.

There is a graduating class of 7 in Fifth Year Honors and 32 in the Pass Course in Fourth Year. To this may be added the three who are pursuing the Honors Course in that year. This would make a graduating class of 42.

Since the home from whence a student comes has much to do with the character of the contribution the student makes to the college, careful record is kept of the sphere of life in which the bread-winner of the family labors. The wide range of activities involved in the specialized life of today is reflected by the students who have indicated that they come from homes supported by persons laboring in 112 occupations. This year, as usual, the homes of farmers supply by far the largest group. The farm is represented by 64. The next largest group comes from the homes of 44 merchants, railway employees number 33, homes devoting themselves to managerial work 28, homes which have lost the male bread-winner sent 26, ministers 24, retired 16, doctors 13, contractors 11, insurance and manufacturers each 10, accountants 9, lawyers and teachers each 8, travellers 7, etc.

In concluding this report, I would like to present some details concerning the ages of our students. The largest group—122—this year is composed of those 18 years of age and are distributed through the work from Grade X to Fifth Year Honors. The next largest is the group of 17 years of age totalling 113. Those 16 have 81, those 19 and 20 have 59 and 49 respectively. Out of 578 students 538 are between the ages 13 and 25 inclusive. The balance range between the ages of 26 and 42.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

A. S. CUMMINGS.

MILK — *The Best By*
Every Test
Be Sure It's—



The Policy and Programme of Wesley College

By PRESIDENT J. H. RIDDELL

The policy of Wesley College is the same today as it has been throughout her history. The college still adheres firmly to its original design as set forth on the day of its organization. That design, stated briefly, is to assist in providing higher education for young people under Christian influences. In carrying out this design, the attention of the college was directed at first to the young people scattered over the middle west of Canada, a territory covering that portion of the Dominion lying north of the international boundary and extending from the lakes to the mountains. After the western part of this vast area then known as the North-West Territories was erected into provinces and so provided their own institutions, both academic and theological, Wesley College naturally became responsible, for the most part, to the young people of Manitoba and Western Ontario, but the college, for various reasons, still attracted a large number of students from Saskatchewan.

In the early days Wesley College, in conjunction with other affiliated colleges, supplied all the higher education in this vast territory; but from a date a little before 1900 the State, through the Provincial University, gradually and in increasing measure assumed the responsibility for teaching courses in higher education. Up to that time the University of Manitoba was an examining and degree conferring body modelled on the University of London, England. Early in this process first by co-operation among themselves the colleges provided instruction in Physical Science and then by retirement they left this field to the Council of the

University of Manitoba, assisted by the Provincial Government; but Wesley College, with the other affiliated colleges, continued to provide the buildings for housing the other departments and also the necessary instruction in them.

In 1914 the University of Manitoba became fully organized and set up instruction in the great majority of courses leading to an Arts degree, and extended its efforts to professional fields hitherto untouched. Of necessity the affiliated colleges were called upon to adjust themselves to the new order and organization. Some persons associated with these colleges felt that inasmuch as the University was now providing instruction in almost all of the courses the colleges should retire from this field and confine their attention to such courses as were not assumed by the University, and particularly to the Theological subjects. Wesley College, after some prolonged discussion and after a reference of the matter to the highest court of the former Methodist Church, decided on the advice of the Methodists to continue its affiliated relationship to the University, and also to continue to teach such parts of the Arts course as it could cover, but to do those parts in a way worthy of University standards and its own honor.

In arriving at this decision, the college had more than mere instructional purposes in view. It saw very clearly that a University education involved great social and spiritual purposes in addition to the impartation of knowledge and the development of the mind through thought processes. It was impressed through its own experi-

ence as well as by the testimony of many large universities that this rounded development of mind and heart could best be secured by a university organization in which a number of smaller colleges carried on work around a definite centre. It saw clearly that the end of an education was not so much to prepare students for passing examinations and gaining a degree as to fit them for the fulfilment in a worthy way of the ever enlarging duties and responsibilities of Christian citizenship, and this could best be secured by a group of co-operating institutions. With this definitely expressed purpose in view, Wesley College resolved to carry on as a partner of the State University in the unique work of giving vigor to human thinking and direction to human feeling and longing. It has, therefore, been the desire of the college to operate only in the field of Arts education, leaving the professional and scientific areas to the State. Its reason for doing this is because Arts education is more directly concerned with the policy of the college.

For many years Wesley College, with the other affiliated institutions, has been greatly hampered in its plans to extend and strengthen its work by the halting and indefinite policy of the University of Manitoba as to site and buildings. Whenever the leaders in college work pressed for advancement, they were constantly met with the remark from members of the Board: "Wait until we see what the University will do." And so rare opportunities for getting more adequate buildings and better equipment were pushed into an uncertain future.

During the session 1930-31, two things happened which have

imposed on Wesley College the necessity for an immediate and definite forward movement. The first of these and perhaps the least important was the decision of the University to remove the senior years to the Agricultural College site. As the colleges were unable for definite and expressed financial reasons to follow the University in this decision, they were prevented from co-operation with the University in these higher years. Consequently some provision must be made to compass the work which was formerly done in conjunction with the University in the Senior years. The second factor was the fact that the classes in Wesley College had so grown that further additions were impossible without impairing the effectiveness of teaching. It became evident that additions must be made to the staff and that we could no longer await the hesitating policy of the University. Further it was evident that these new additions could not make their best contribution without the college taking up some new fields of work. Wesley College has, therefore, resolved to round out the cultural courses in the Arts Department by adding French, Mathematics, and Latin in the Third and Fourth Years to the curricula of studies provided by the college.

Beginning with the session 1931-32 in September next, Wesley College will be prepared to offer the first two years of the Arts course including Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering and Pre-Dental years in everything except the laboratory courses in Science in the Second Year.

The Third and Fourth Years in Philosophy, Economics, Hebrew, Biblical Greek, Sociology, Religious Education, Biblical Lit-

erature, French, Mathematics and Latin, and the Third, Fourth and Fifth Years in English and History will also be offered.

Two new men have been added to the staff to enable the college to meet this enlarged undertaking next autumn. Mr. Victor Leathers, an honor graduate of Manitoba University in French and English and now completing his Ph. D. in French at the Sorbonne in Paris, will give particular attention to French, and Mr. Leland F. S. Ritcey, having graduated in honor Mathematics from Mount Allison and having spent three years in post graduate studies in Harvard, will assist Prof. O. T. Anderson in Mathematics and will in addition cover the First Year in Physics. These additions with some adjustments in the present staff will enable Wesley College to cover practically the full Arts course leading to the B.A. degree except in the laboratory work of Science in the Second Year and except the courses in Science in the Third and Fourth Years. The college now offers to young people seeking a University education, instruction in the Arts Courses, under

the able direction of a well-trained staff of specialists who are for the most part young, vigorous and enthusiastic. In addition to that it provides all the personal contact incidental to the smaller college.

To provide accommodation necessary for this increased and extended work, Manitoba College has placed at the disposal of the Arts Department the necessary space. The college is looking forward to a splendid year in the session 1931-32. Never had the college so many registrations at this time of the year. Our only anxiety is that we may not be able to enrol all who apply.

While in the above outline the name Wesley College has been constantly used, we do not wish to disguise or ignore the important fact that Wesley College is a part of the United Colleges of Manitoba and is by the United Executive Board entrusted with the responsibility of caring for the Arts and Collegiate Departments of the United Colleges in addition to assisting in training the Ministers for the United Church of Canada.

Success

He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often and loved much;

Who has gained the trust of pure women; and the love of little children;

Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;

Who has left the world better than he found it;

Who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty;

Nor failed to express it:

Who has always looked for the best in others;

And given the best he had;

Whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.

—Selected

Dramatic Executive

1930-31



BACK ROW—R. Schuetze, R. J. W. Lyons, E. N. Dennison, H. Easton (President), Prof. A. L. Phelps (Hon. President), W. Onions, R. MacLean, H. Hibbert.

FRONT ROW—L. Hinds, J. Williams, M. Mellish, F. Mills, W. Stevenson, F. Sweeney.

Debating Executive

1930-31



BACK ROW—Evelyn White, Florence Reid, G. Punter, Alice Morrison, C. Cameron, Beth Carpenter, Norah Lye.

FRONT ROW—Dorothy Herzer, L. C. Stinson (President), Dr. L. W. Moffit (Hon. President), Lilian Racey, D. Conly.

VOICES OF THE WILD

THERE'S a ripple on the water,
There's a murmur on the shore,
There are whispers in the branches of the trees;
There are early flowers blooming
In the woods along the stream,
In the meadow there's the humming of the bees.

Blithe and gay the birds are singing,
Soft the gentle zephyr blows,
Bringing with it all the loveliness of spring;
There are furtive little wood-folk
Joying in their watchful play,
Through the golden hours which only June can bring.

By the lake's melodious margin
I can see the sedges waving,
And the red deer browsing quietly on the strand.
I can hear the loon's mad laughter
As he rides upon the swells,
And the music of the wavelets on the sand.

All the wild is full of voices,
They are sounding everywhere;
I can hear them 'mid the noises of the street;
They are calling, calling, calling,
And my heart with joy awakes,
Gladly leading from the town my willing feet.

From the restless stir of commerce,
From the haunts of fevered men,
I must wander when I hear that call to me,
Leaving toil and its rewarding,
Seeking only nature's joys,
By the rivers winding downward to the sea.

Communism

Not only have we seen a major revolution in our day, but on many sides our Western Civilization is being challenged. Fascism in Italy, Communism in Russia, both have set aside democratic principles and pinned their faith to dictatorships upheld by strongly organized parties. Both methods of government claim to be more efficient than parliamentarianism and the upshot of it all is that an increasing number of people are asking if democratic government is necessarily the best. Certainly democratic countries today seem to be left to muddle through their difficulties the best way they can. In England the presence of three strong parties means government by compromise; in France much the same is true; while in Canada there are only two strong parties and the result is the sacrifice of the agrarian interests of the West to the industrial interests of the East. Moreover the Soviet experiment in Russia presents a challenge to our industrial system. That country has scrapped the capitalist system and replaced it by state ownership of the means of production. Collectivism has been substituted for individualism. The Five-year plan represents Russia's attempt to win back her markets lost during the war and it is significant to note that in some points they are ahead of their schedule. If collectivism proves superior to individualism, where shall we be? There is, moreover a cry of protest against western civilization from the east. India and China have suffered from western exploitation for a long time now and they are letting us know that they have had about enough of it. They do not want our civilization—they have seen at too close

quarters the havoc it has wrecked in their own countries. Great Britain in 1933 will be celebrating the centennial of the edict freeing the slaves within the British Empire, but the native races have still to win their political and social freedom. The commercial expansion of the last century and this, meant for them degradation and enslavement, worse, if possible, than that from which they were freed.

How are we facing these facts? The answer is that we are not. Some among us see a threat to our trade and commerce in the Russian experiment and are blackballing Communism with all the enthusiasm that prejudice and self-interest can arouse. Others see in the development of national consciousness among the native races a threat to white supremacy and write and talk in an alarming way about the "rising tide of color" and the danger of our civilization being swept away in a new "barbarian" invasion. The majority of us, however, comfort ourselves with the thought that these are just "scare-mongers" moved by prejudice and ignorance and we are quite sure that in the end everything will come all right. We make no attempt to face the situation and try to discover what really is going on and what really is behind these forces that are moving all over the world.

As University students the call comes to us to look at life steadily, to see it whole. Can we be blind to the world's unrest? It is amazing the large part that University students in other lands play in the affairs of their country—in Spain for example—are we as interested? Is this the best of all possible

worlds? Is our civilization, are our industrial and social systems, the best we can devise? Are they something divine, infallible? And is any challenge to the *status quo* that comes from Russia or elsewhere to be classed as treason and sedition and persecuted and suppressed? One of the most sinister things about the anti-communist agitation is the attempt to make capital out of the religious question. Christianity is identified with the present order, it is regarded as the arch prop and defender of the capitalist system, "whatever is, is right," and is the will of God. Is this true? Can any system be final? Certainly ours, which sprang up overnight and is based on self-interest and the exploitation of the weak, has no claim to be regarded as either Christian or final. Our industrial system has led to the amassing of 90% of the wealth in the hands of 10% of the population and to the exploitation of the working classes of the world. Its history can be read in terms of attempts to get over the barriers thrown up against ruthless exploitation. Huge financial concerns have a finger in every pie and threaten the world like an overhanging cloud. Big business overshadows the political life of every western country today: no political party can be independent of it. The flood gates are open to graft and corruption. Some, of course, would seek to turn our eyes away from this fact that is staring us in the face by glib talk about the "menace of Communism."

We went to war in 1914 in defiance of the cry "Might is Right" and to protect a weak nation from aggression. Yet "Business is Business" is no less odious a watchword

and the economic spoliation of the weaker countries of the world has resulted in the perpetration of atrocities and in labor conditions compared with which the slavery of ancient Rome was as nothing. Is this the system we are committed to defend? Or are we going to see a new day in which the welfare of the people and not the profit of a few will be the prime regard of governments and in which human life will be reckoned more highly than dollars in our economic life? That is the challenge of Communism! To quote from the Quarterly Review:

"However much one detests Communism in some of its aspects, it has the germ of a great ideal, namely, the welfare of the people."

We cannot meet that challenge by persecution and suppression! We must set our house in order. Can we do it? —W.G.O., '33.

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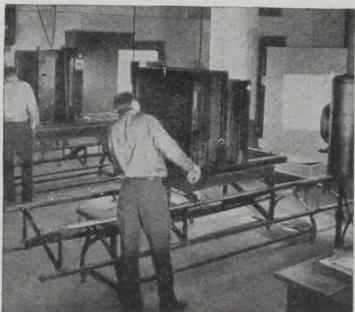
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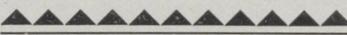


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~~~~~  
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## On His Holidays

Ring-*ng-*ng-*ng**, etc. He yawned, stretched, turned over, became aware of the rather discordant note resounding near the scene of late excursions into the Land of Nod, shut off the machine which was so efficiently doing its duty, looked at the time-piece regulated daily by the time broadcast according to "Western Canada's finest jewellery store," and discovered in spite of the luminous dial in the broad daylight that the hour of the day thus begun was five. He then recalled the old saying "Early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," and wished he had observed more closely the first phrase—anyway, up he must get, and up he got.*

No longer need he await the breakfast bell, but rather breakfast awaits him—chores must be done—no end to them. At last he enters the house and is seated before the table laden with the first meal of the day—one which would break any fast. His appetite no longer requires but cornflakes, toast and coffee—he must *eat*, if he would harrow, and eat he surely does!

In due time (but somewhat late at that) the sturdy animals of the equine family are herded to the water trough, and later, after a performance resembling an Albertan "round-up," they are mutually anchored and ushered out into the field and coupled to a set of those well known and rather necessary joy-killers called harrows. Joy-killers! yea, man-killers, for he who was created chief of all creatures on earth must tread behind as a slave, trampling clods for a living!

This is a free country of ours;

and no part of it is so free as is its breeze—save the soil which drifts before it. "Dust to dust" comes to have a new meaning as with a funeral pace the procession continues in a state of motion hour by hour. The dust as visual expression (or impression) of the wind insists on making its mark on and in the victim, to the end that he, poor son of the soil and of toil, declares that "in his opinion the ayes have it" that it is the best soil he has ever tasted—but on he plods incessantly, attempting by all manner of thought, word, and deed (including throwing hard clods) to make his will known to the team while "guiding with a steady hand patient horses o'er the land."

The sun sinks and the day's work at last is ended: the day seemed as eternity. But ere his hopes bear fruit they are nipped in the bud, and sadly he experiences the truth of "hope deferred maketh the heart sick" for "the daily round, the common task" has furnished more than he cared to ask in the line of chores, and his heart sinks as he realizes that his hope of rest must wait until the cows are milked, the pigs fed, seed pickled, and other delights of farming attended to. The thief of time is no longer procrastination, but merely chores.

Preferred sooner, but achieved later, he goes to bed and is glad to get there, and longs for an inconceivable existence "when man works no more." As consciousness recedes, the old proverb comes back. He is in bed early, he'll have to rise early, but his weary bones protest against the clause referring to health. He is in the state of mental muddledness when fancy

chases fancy and the foolish seems real, and the most extravagant ideas seem plausible; but even then what connection wealth and wisdom may have with the whole procedure he cannot conceive. Subconsciously the wind is still whistling in his ears, the dust still acting as its most efficient tool while one thought crowds into another and fading forms change into flitting fancies as his thoughts dissolve and finally vanish into the valley of Morpheus. And the alarm is about to ring!

— ? ? ?

---

(Editor's Note—Having considerable experience of farm life we wish to impress upon our urban readers that the above is not a true but rather an extravagant picture of life on a farm.)

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## GLEANINGS FROM DR. ELLIOTT'S ETHICS CLASSES

PICKED UP BY C.C., '33

"We have to accept the Universe."

\* \* \*

"If you want a good life, you must pay for it."

\* \* \*

"Reason ends where Beauty satisfies Hunger!"

\* \* \*

"The thing is to be full-orbed."

\* \* \*

"To appreciate Beauty is vital."

\* \* \*

"My call to a thing is my adaptation and the world's need."

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## A THLETICS

### FOOTBALL

For the first time in five years, United failed to secure either junior or senior interfaculty football trophy. Alas! how are the mighty fallen!

There lacked no material; the fault seemed to be in over-confidence. Players and supporters seemed to feel that United couldn't lose the reputation she had built up, and the championship was taken for granted. Added to this, the unfortunate circumstance occurred which made good players ineligible and thus idle, while the junior title was at stake, the senior being already lost. The Juniors had the distinction of coming in second in the league with only one goal scored against them during the series. With good management and fair support they should now be the junior title holders. Better luck next fall!

—B.H.S., '31.

### HOCKEY

As in football, the junior interfaculty title was lost through over-confidence—though there can be no criticism of the management. The Red and White won the first three games played in the interfaculty series, also the annual contest with Stonewall. But—when the crucial game was called, it found the U.C. players sleepy and weary with the "morning after" effect of a late Freshman party and Color Night dance. Thus they were unable to score against the same team which they had beaten 4-2 just the Saturday previous.

The team showed up very well throughout the season, and the boys should be congratulated on the splendid brand of hockey of which they have shown themselves capable.

Since most of the team will return next year, it is hoped that United will enter them in the senior division next season, and their places in the junior section will be filled satisfactorily by Freshman material.

—W.W.H., '32.

### MEN'S BASKETBALL

Basketball is a game which, in the middle 80's, consisted of propelling a little ball along a felted table with a pointed stick or cue, and which today consists in tossing a clumsy ball through a loop suspended in mid-air. Seems silly, but in reality it is a whale of a game.

If we must, according to the law of averages, wait some years yet for the basketball cup to come our way again, we may as well revert to the old game of "basketball" when the players wore peg-top trousers, boots put on and removed with the assistance of a boot-jack, and the old wing collar popularly known as "gates ajar."

Although championships have not attended our efforts since 1928, when the Junior squad brought the old mug to United, we are encouraged by the fact that basketball is growing in popularity among our students, and for the last two seasons both a Jun-

ior and a Senior team have entered under the "red and white" banner.

With these symptoms of growth in evidence, we do not anticipate waiting upon the law of averages to declare it our turn to win a basketball championship and we expect to be in the game next season—very much so.

#### MEN'S CURLING

Of late years United has enjoyed an enviable reputation in the realm of inter-faculty curling, but this year this phase of college sport was a brilliant failure, noe due so much to lack of good curlers as to lack of good management. Comparatively few were definitely signed up in the first place, and of these few, only about a dozen, paid their fees. Responsibility for collection of fees and drawing up of playing schedules seemed not to exist. The regular (?) Saturday morning games were so poorly attended that a large number of them were "scratched." In the same way, inter-faculty curling went sadly awry, the schedule never being finished as far as United was concerned; whenever a game was called someone rounded up a dozen fellows with the necessary strength to heave rocks, and the ill-asorted crew sallied forth to uphold the reputation of U.C. Qualifications for participation were neglected to such an extent that even two members of the Porte-Markle quartette might have been declared ineligible for non-payment of fees.

United Colleges students pay more fees toward Curling than toward any other branch of athletics, and thus it is only to be expected that the student or students chosen to preside over this sport should be responsible for its success—or failure. A sport involving so many

players and so much student money is deserving of the best of management. Given efficient management, U.C. curlers will again prove their worth.

—B.H.S.

---

#### CO-ED HOCKEY

After gaining the Junior Championship last year, the Co-Eds decided to make a try for the Senior. New and enthusiastic material was secured and with the help of a few of last years puck-chasers, a team was formed, with Doug. Rathbone as coach. The first two games played were with the Normal school and Garson, both close games, but with the edge on the other side.

Unfortunately, the interfaculty schedule was late in starting, and United was unable to realize their ambitions in capping the Senior championship. Only three games were played; two with Arts, and one with Science; the game with Science was a loss, the first with Arts a tie and the second a win for United. This left United one point up, but as that was the end of the schedule, the cup failed to come into United halls. Better luck next year!

---

#### CO-ED CURLING

As in previous years the grand old winter game of curling occupied the attention of a large number of United co-eds. The regular college competitions were run off and from these events emerged four outstanding curlers—Evelyn Ross, skip; Effie Schmidt, Olive Glinz, and Winnifred Stevenson. In the inter-faculty play-off this fine rink emerged in the finals, but unfortunately before the championship could be decided old King Sol played havoc with the ice and the

titular series was necessarily abandoned. Two of the United co-eds were selected on a Varsity rink which entered the Manitoba Ladies Curling Association's annual bonspiel—Miss Evelyn Ross and Miss Effie Schmidt—and they made a highly creditable showing.

### CO-ED BASKETBALL

The fourth inter-faculty co-ed basketball championship in six years came to the United Colleges during the 1931 playing season. When graduation took its toll of experienced material it was thought advisable to revert back to the junior group when the

schedule opened and wisdom of this move was exemplified in the early matches. However, by dint of a strong finish the U.C. girls overwhelmed their old rivals from the Manitoba Agricultural College to capture the junior crown. With Isabel McLaren and Ruth Armstrong as the pivot performers the other members of the team aided nobly in bringing the only inter-faculty championship of the 1930-31 season to the United Colleges. Graduation will again deplete the cage ranks, but there will be sufficient material available from this year's team to again place the red and white in contending position when the next term opens.

## *What's Wrong with the French Department?*

By ALAYTHEUKOS

This question may seem to savour somewhat of impertinence, but the writer hopes to demonstrate that it is most apposite and (forgive the pun) extremely pertinent. What is known on the first and second year French course as "Authors" seems at first sight to be of a creditably high standard. Several writers whose names are writ large in the annals of French literature find a place on it. The works of Racine, the great tragedian, are studied. Just sit in with a class, however, and see how the books are read and you will get another picture. How is Racine studied? Simply by turning the sublime verse of the original into murdered English prose with the sole purpose of getting an idea of the story, which can be read in the introduction. Not one line is ever read in the French so as to gain some impression of its beauty and of the majestic grandeur of the rhythm. Try to imagine some

French students taking up Milton's Paradise Lost and turning it into indifferent French prose and never by any chance glimpsing the vision conjured up by such lines as:

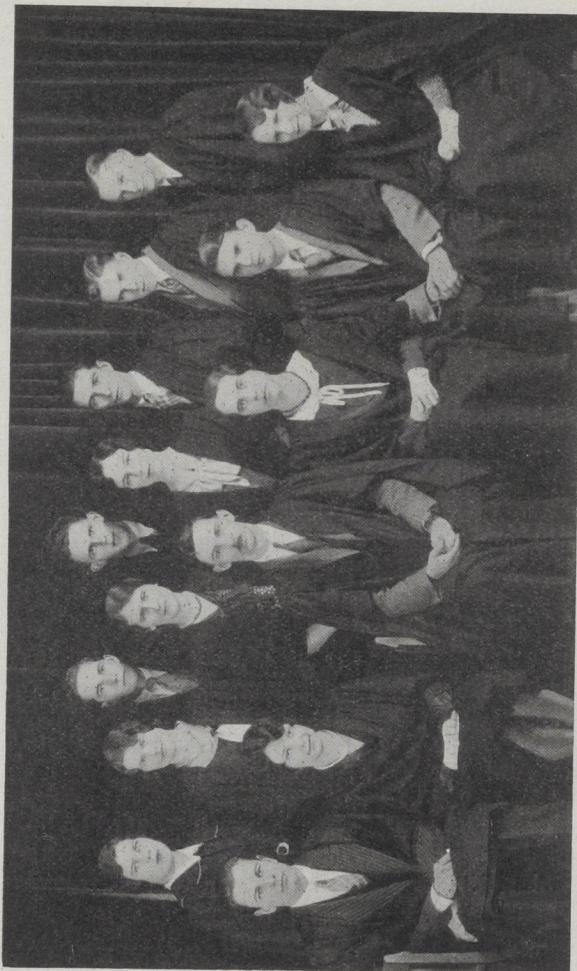
*"Him the Almighty Power  
Hurled headlong flaming from  
the ethereal sky  
With hideous ruin and combus-  
tion, down  
To bottomless perdition."*

We shrink with horror from such a thought. It is sacrilege. Yet that is exactly what we do with Racine. The metrical perfection of his verse passes us by, its rhythmic beauty awakens no response in our souls. Racine's mighty powers are lost on us, engrossed as we are with the task of making as adequate translation as possible consonant with the demands of the examination paper. Surely the Greek and Latin classes do not study Homer and Virgil this way!

(Continued on page 89)

*Social and Literary Executive*

1930-31



BACK ROW—Dorothy Stevens, M. Thorvaldson, W. Sparling, Floris Olsen, W. Shaver,  
Jean Fraser, H. Ross, M. R. Looe, S. Gamey.

FRONT ROW—E. Pelton, Gwen Lane, Prof. W. Kirkconnell (Hon. President),  
Ruth Armstrong, L. Swyers (President), Nancy Whyte.

## Athletic Council

1930-31



BACK ROW—R. Keeling, A. Floyd, R. Musgrave, C. Gerry, J. P. Brown, M. R. Loree,  
S. Gamey.

MIDDLE ROW:—K. Clarke, Margaret Mellish, Corinne Davis, A. McLaughlin,  
H. Hibbert, Evelyn Ross, D. Conly, Eileen Broad, Marguerite Oastler, Barbara  
Miller, B. H. Stinson, L. Orton.

FRONT ROW—Lavinia Moore, Ruth Armstrong, J. D. Murray (Faculty Rep.),  
E. N. Dennison (President), Marjorie Hopkins, Isabel McLaren.

*Senior Soccer*

BACK ROW—T. Saunders, R. Keeling, B. McBride, M. Mitenko, W. Nairn,  
W. Hryhorchuk.

FRONT ROW—J. Brown, J. Menzies, R. Musgrove, B. McConnell, H. Harland.

*Junior Hockey*

BACK ROW—H. Hibbert (Manager), C. Avery, M. Mitenko, J. Werstiuk, C. Gerry,  
D. Rathbone.

FRONT ROW—K. Truman, R. Bend, R. Musgrove, K. Clarke, D. Whitlaw.

***Co-Ed Basketball  
CHAMPIONS***



BACK ROW—Beth Carpenter, Alice Jamieson, E. Armstrong (Coach), Margaret Buick, Ethel Sankey.

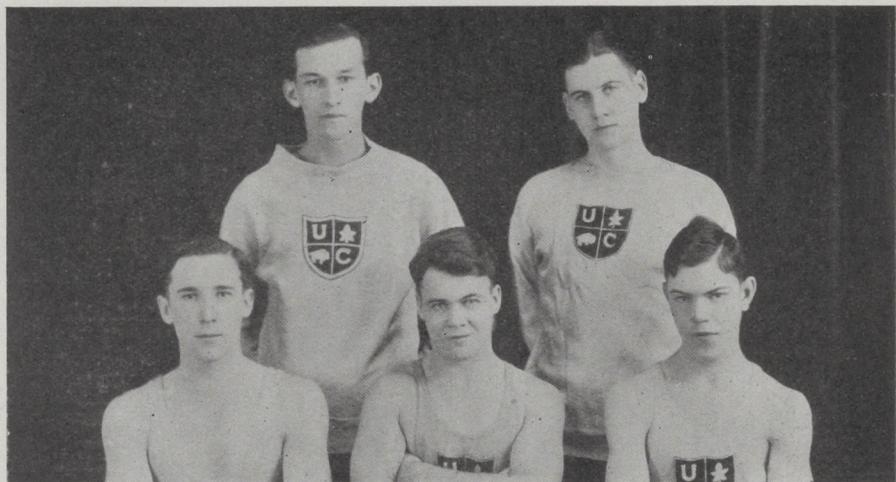
FRONT ROW—Ruth Armstrong, Corinne Davis, Isabel McLaren, Florence Wylie, Margaret Mellish.

***Co-Ed Hockey***



BACK ROW—M. Prout, L. Moore, D. Rathbone (Manager), K. Woods, S. Anderson.

FRONT ROW—E. Broad, M. Oastler, M. Mellish, O. Glinz, E. Sankey.

*Senior Basketball*

BACK ROW—J. Werstiuk, A. Ryckman.  
FRONT ROW—D. Conly, T. Miller, R. Butts.

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## ***Who's Who at United Colleges***

1931—1932

*(In the lists of executives which follow the class representatives have been omitted because of lack of space and because lists could only be partially given)*

### STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

|                                         |                              |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| President, Senior Stick                 | O. Handford Hibbert, '32     |
| Vice-President, Lady Stick              | Olive Glinz, '32             |
| Secretary                               | Howard B. Peto, '33          |
| General Student Treasurer               | L. Grant Bragg, '33 (Hon.)   |
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| Chapel Committee         | {David Bews, '34<br>To be appointed             |

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE FRENCH DEPARTMENT?

(Continued from page 81)

Turning foreign classics into thoroughly bad English just for the sake of being able to do it, is worse than useless; for not only does it obscure the beauty and human interest that pertain to them, but it usually leaves the student with such a loathing that he will never open a classical writer again.

But this is not the only complaint that prompted my question. I turn from the "Authors" to the "Grammar" and having got over my initial surprise that students who have already studied French for three years in High School should still be occupied with "Grammar" in University, I pick up the texts in use. Imagine my surprise when I find that they are of the most elementary nature, avowedly written for beginners. In the first year course the student is required to start right from the beginning with the definite article and the gender of nouns. Why, the elementary courses in German and Greek are no more elementary than this and they presuppose no former study of the language. Very deliberately I make the assertion that any student of normal ability could start in knowing no French whatsoever and pass through this course quite easily. If you compare the "Authors" with the "Grammar" you will be able more sympathetically to follow my argument. A student is expected in first year to be able to read Racine and yet not able to turn the simplest English sentence into French, or conversely he is not expected to know the definite article or the conjugation of

"avoir" and yet to be able to read the French classics. Now, is not my query justified?

As the student goes on through this course he will get no practice in free composition. All he is required to do is to read a piece of French prosé and then turn an English paraphrase of it back into French. Could anything be more puerile? Such procedure would, or should, disgrace the upper grades of a self-respecting high school. Moreover the examination is based on a knowledge of these texts, not on a knowledge of French. When this rule is departed from, as it was last Christmas, and a paper is set that really tests the ability of the student to use what knowledge of French he has acquired, the result is disastrous and the fiat goes forth that it must not occur again. Is any further comment necessary?

I don't suppose the French Department will take any notice of this tirade and I certainly hope they won't take any offence, but I should like to know how they justify the inconsistencies and puerilities I have tried to point out. In a country where French is so widely spoken the teaching and knowledge of it should be of a very high standard. Let the University give the lead.

---

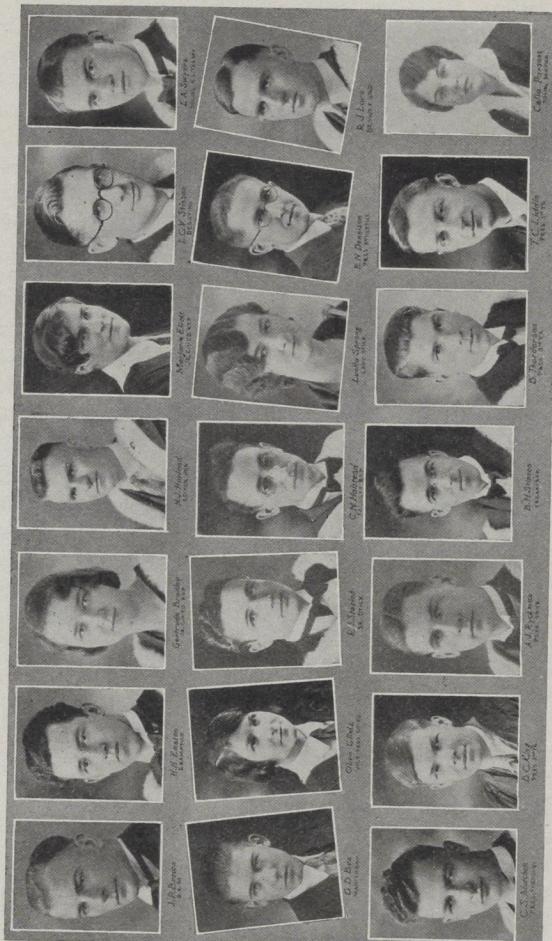
DR. ELLIOTT, LL.D.

(Continued from page 10)

that he is, he isn't agin the government. He never veers in his loyalty to his institution and its principal, Dr. Riddell.

In a time when education tends to whittle personalities down, he still remains "a character."

*Students' Representative Council, 1930-31*



## “Owed” on Graduation

*(With apologies to each and every Poet)*

Of all the human fallacies,  
The worst of all these fantasies  
Is that regarding grad's finances;  
It really is the bunk.

The notions people have are funny;  
They think that we are rolled in money;  
That college life's all milk and honey;  
They surely must be drunk.

While here I sit and rack my brain  
How some few shekels I can gain,  
And wonder how I stand the strain,  
With circulars I'm sunk.

I open one and here I read:  
A brand new tux I'll surely need,  
And one that fickle fashion's fancies lead  
They gladly will supply.

I look in vain for money owed,  
That I have earned along the road,  
But all I get's the sheriff's goad.  
“Please, mister, will you buy?”

Another with keen expectation  
Suggests a cheap and good vacation  
That will complete my education—  
A European tour.

With passage, tips, I'll be supplied  
And many pleasures on the side.

Five hundred bucks will stem the tide  
May God help the poor!

Ah! here is one that's big and stout,  
No business name appears without;  
Some kindly friend will help me out;  
An eye I quickly lend.

‘Dear Sir: As you are now to take  
Your leave from college, may I make  
Suggestion that at Timboo Lake  
A holiday you spend.’

Insurance—business college—shirts,  
Socks and books—my gosh—it hurts.  
They come in ever-widening spurts.  
What a waste of time!

If they but really knew the truth  
That after four hard years, forsooth,  
Of getting by, by skin of tooth,  
We haven't got a dime!

—RJ S.

## Alumni Alumnaeque

The Alumnae association has had three very interesting meetings since the last issue of *Vox* was published. One was a luncheon in honor of members from country points, who visited the city during Easter week. Another was addressed by Miss Mildred McMurray, who discussed social welfare work as a field of activity for graduate students. At another, held on May 9, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary president, Miss E. D. Bowes; President, Mrs. W. Runions; Vice-president, Miss Gladys Pettingill; Corresponding secretary, Miss Ada O'Neil; Recording secretary, Miss Beulah Ross; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude Bradley.

\* \* \*

Miss Gladys Pettingill left early in April for Paris, France, where she will spend the summer at the Sorbonne studying French.

\* \* \*

Dr. Ernest L. Moyer and Mrs. Moyer (Dorothea C. Peter, '24) are now living in Winnipeg, where Dr. Moyer is doing post-graduate work at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

\* \* \*

*Vox* wishes to congratulate Bruce J. McKittrick, '29, on his appointment as secretary of the Children's Aid society in Brandon. Since his graduation, he has been attending the University of Toronto, where he has been taking a course in social science. He has also been engaged in social service work in the city of Toronto. Bruce called at the college while en route to Brandon where he entered upon his official duties on May 1.

\* \* \*

*Vox* regrets to announce the death at Lundar, Man., on May 5,

of Rev. Hjortur J. Leo, M.A., a 1907 graduate from Wesley in Arts. Mr. Leo, who was born in Iceland and later lived at Selkirk and Gimli, was a minister of the Icelandic Lutheran church. He held pastorates in Saskatchewan, in the state of Washington, and at Lundar. From 1923 to 1926, he was first an instructor and later principal at Jon Bjarnason academy in Winnipeg.

\* \* \*

Death claimed another Wesley graduate on April 4, when Raymond K. Elliott, '14, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. He was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Elliott, graduated from the Manitoba Law School in 1916 and was that year called to the bar. After he returned from service overseas, he resumed the practice of law. He was a member of the Winnipeg school board from 1926 to 1929. As a student at Wesley, Mr. Elliott had a brilliant record, winning the Governor-General's medal in philosophy in his final year.

\* \* \*

The college is in receipt of a letter from Rev. Robert H. Davies of Canaan, Connecticut, who obtained his B.A. degree at Wesley in 1906, and his B. A. degree in 1908. "Though I have wandered far," he says, "I have not forgotten three happy years spent there." He was last in Winnipeg in 1913. In expressing regret that he could not make his contribution to the Graduates' Remembrance fund larger, he says, "There are four other reasons—three girls and a boy."

\* \* \*

The Winnipeg press of April 6, carried a news item of interest to those who knew Vernon Orval Watts, a Wesley graduate of 1918.

In a debate held in Cleveland, Ohio, Orval had as his opponents, two men who have been candidates for the United States presidency under the banner of the Socialist and Communist parties respectively.

They "were none other than Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for many offices, including the presidency, and William Z. Foster, Communist leader of the steel strike of 1919 and twice his party's candidate for president.

Orval is a son of Theo J. Watts, principal of St. James school. Since he graduated from Harvard University, he has been teaching economics and sociology in Clark university and Antioch college, and is now associate professor at the latter institution.

Vox extends its congratulations to the following graduates who, on May 14, had the degree of Master of Arts conferred upon them by the University of Manitoba. Gordon M. Churchill, '21, thesis: "Athens in Relation to the Peloponnesian War." Mabel Cooper, '23, thesis: "The Irish Theatre." Blanche I. Megaffin, '15, thesis: "The Warton Brothers; Their Relation to Romanticism and Milton." Ada G. O'Neill, '26, thesis: "English Literary Criticism of the Early Nineteenth Century, 1798-1830." Victor N. Riddle, '20, thesis: "A Survey of the Cestodes in the Cats of Winnipeg."

## *Early Graduates of the Colleges*

Continuing its policy of previous issues, Vox publishes in this number, additional names and, where available addresses and vocations of graduates of Wesley and Manitoba colleges. Vox would greatly appreciate the receipt, from any of its readers, of any corrections of this list, or additional information, which would make this record more complete. Address such to Alumni Editor, or Registrar, Wesley College, or Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

### WESLEY GRADUATES

1912

|                                                             |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Abbott, W. F., 158 Harvard Ave., Winnipeg                   | Physician |
| Adams, Irene S., (Mrs. E. Cameron) Beamsville, Ont.         |           |
| Adamson, M. C., Innisfree, Alta.                            | Physician |
| Andrew, Mary A., (Mrs. A. T. Hay) 15 Alloway Ave., Winnipeg |           |
| Bell, D. E., Medicine Hat, Alta.                            |           |
| Brownlee, T. I., Russell, Man.                              | Physician |
| Caldwell, C. F., Gilbert Plains, Man.                       | Lawyer    |
| Coxworth, M. W., Davidson, Sask.                            |           |
| Dolmage, Victor, 511 Winch Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.           |           |
| Dorey, George, Regina, Sask.                                | Minister  |
| Elliott, G. J., Ste. 9, St. Elmo Apts., Winnipeg            | Principal |
| Evans, A. R., Vancouver, B.C.                               |           |
| Ewart, Alfred, 214 Woodstock Rd., Oxford, England           | Professor |

|                                                                          |            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Green, Eva M., Cloverdale, B.C.                                          |            |
| Haney, C. I., Canadian Celanese Co., Drummond, Que.                      |            |
| Hjalmarson, Bjorn, Wynyard, Sask.                                        |            |
| Jonasson, J. T.                                                          |            |
| Jonsson, Hallgrimur, Obit                                                |            |
| Kelly, M. H., (Mrs. D. C. Aikenhead), 1095 Wolseley Ave., Winnipeg       |            |
| Kerr, J. Lindsay, Franklin, Man.                                         |            |
| Lougheed, M. S., 169 Lanark Crescent, Winnipeg                           | Physician  |
| Middall, E. S., (Mrs. E. A. Axford)                                      |            |
| Nason, W. F., 183 Maryland St., Winnipeg                                 | Lawyer     |
| Paulson, G. A., 351 Home St., Winnipeg                                   |            |
| Simpson, F. I., Obit                                                     |            |
| Surtees, B., Tzelintzing, Sze Chuen, W. China                            | Missionary |
| Weir, Miss L. A., (Mrs. F. D. McCharles) 1182 McMillan Ave.,<br>Winnipeg |            |
| Winkler, H. W., Morden, Man.                                             |            |

## 1913

|                                                                           |           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Anderson, O. T., 326 Montrose Ave., Winnipeg                              | Professor |
| Arnason, J. S., 6501 2nd Ave., N.W., Seattle, Wash.                       | Physician |
| Ball, F. B., Rosetown, Sask.                                              | Minister  |
| Bergman, M. G., (Mrs. G. A. Paulson) 351 Home St., Winnipeg               |           |
| Black, G. P., Burnaby South High School, Burnaby, B.C.                    | Principal |
| Bridgman, B. W., 441-22nd St., Santa Monica, Cal.                         |           |
| Chapman, A. A., Ocean Falls, B.C.                                         | Minister  |
| Cleave, W. T., Grand Coulee, Sask.                                        | Minister  |
| Crookshanks, Olive E., 229 Chestnut St., Winnipeg                         | Teacher   |
| Crummy, Richard B., 3707 Arbutus St., Vancouver, B.C.                     |           |
| Crummy, William T., Obit                                                  |           |
| Cunningham, O. I., (Mrs. G. P. R. Tallin) 25 Evanson St., Winnipeg        |           |
| Ducker, Stella M., Obit                                                   |           |
| English, H. O., Victoria, B.C.                                            | Principal |
| Erickson, John                                                            |           |
| Harvey, Fern M., 1525 St. Garey, Panama, Cal.                             |           |
| Irvine, C. H., Scott, Sask.                                               |           |
| Johannson, A. L., 744 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.                    | Lawyer    |
| Johnson, Skuli, 176 Lenore St., Winnipeg                                  | Professor |
| Johnson, T. W., Riceton, Sask.                                            | Minister  |
| Johnston, Lillian S., 1140 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.              |           |
| Kristjansson, M. (Mrs. C. F. Frederickson), Kandahar, Sask.               |           |
| Leach, H. M., 202 Oak St., Winnipeg                                       |           |
| Lipsett, Florence Q., 510 Dominion St., Winnipeg                          |           |
| Loft, Arthur, Obit                                                        |           |
| Maxwell, Jessie W.                                                        |           |
| Mountford, W., 115 Ruby St., Winnipeg                                     | Teacher   |
| Parsons, R. C., Treherne, Man.                                            | Lawyer    |
| Paulson, M. (Mrs. T. Thorvaldson) 909 Temperance St., Saskatoon,<br>Sask. |           |
| Phillips, J. E., 1235—3rd Ave., N.W., Moose Jaw, Sask.                    |           |
| Phin, J. R., Moosomin, Sask.                                              |           |
| Popham, E. C., Kenora, Ont.                                               | Lawyer    |

Turner, Ada E., "D" Winchester Annex, Winnipeg.  
 Weir, A. J., 17 Dalrymple Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland  
 Wilkins, Jas., (B.D.) R.R. No. 5, Northwood, Ont. Minister

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MANITOBA GRADUATES  
1904

Cameron, J. S. W., Obit  
 Findlay, W. L., 300 Park Ave., Medina, N.Y. Minister  
 Finkelstein, M. J., 137 Westgate, Winnipeg  
 Goodfield, Benjamin, Ottawa, Ont. Minister  
 Grant, P. B., 58 Ethelbert St., Winnipeg Physician  
 Kirkpatrick, Thomas, Portage la Prairie, Man.  
 Lathwell, Zillah M., Winnipeg  
 MacLean, John, 151 Kingston Crescent, St. Vital, Man.  
 Mac Vicar, G. D., 108 Nassau St., Winnipeg  
 McIntyre, A. M., 311 Saskatchewan Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask.  
 McKenzie, E. H. Obit  
 McLeod, A. S., Obit  
 McLeod, W. C., 442 Waterloo St., London, Ont. Minister  
 McRae, J. D., Shantung, China Missionary  
 Mundell, David, Obit  
 Paterson, I. M. (Mrs. Switzer) Vancouver, B.C.  
 Sibbald, M. E. (Mrs. W. McConkey) 9905-86th St., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Stevenson, J. M., Bence, Stevenson and McLorg, Saskatoon, Sask.  
 Wheaton, C. J., 93 Evanson St., Winnipeg Physician  
 Woodside, J. W., 4 Oakland Ave., Ottawa, Ont. Minister  
 Hartley, F. J., (B.D.) Trochu, Alta. Minister

## 1905

Browne, W. E., 133 Monch Ave., Norwood, Man.  
 Cates, A. K., Reston, Man.  
 Chalmers, J. H., Virden, Man.  
 Cranston, L. J., Obit  
 Davidson, H. P., Britannia Beach, B.C. Minister  
 Findlay, Grace (Mrs. R. J. Hay) Station F., R. F. D., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Fitzgerald, Bella M., Boissevain, Man.  
 Foss, Walter, Obit  
 Grant, W. E., 27-14th Ave., E., Vancouver, B.C.  
 Henderson, W. G., Obit  
 Jacobs, L. C., 57 Curzon St., Montreal, Que.  
 Kerr, F. W., Manitoba College, Winnipeg Minister  
 Marsh, J. H., Winnipeg  
 Martin, J. C., Weyburn, Sask.  
 Melvin, M. G., 2334 Lorne Ave., Regina, Sask. Minister  
 Newcombe, C. K., 98 Home St., Winnipeg  
 Rose, W. M., 1038 Redland Ave., Moose Jaw, Sask.  
 Purdy, V. M., (B.D.) Truro, N.S. Minister  
 Rothney, W. O., (B.D.) 7 Howard Ave., Sherbrooke, Que., Minister



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